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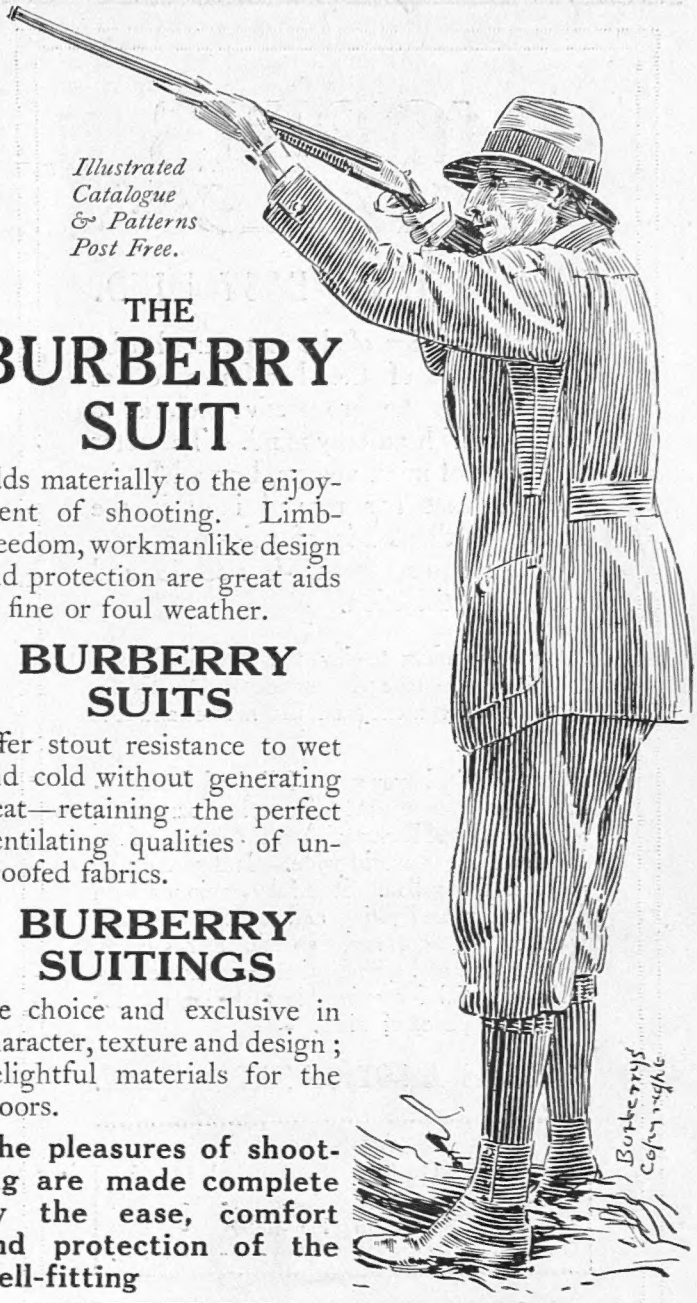

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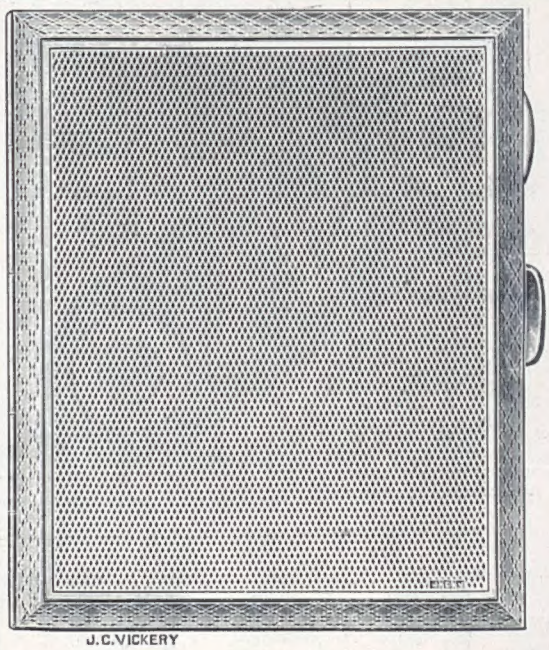

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The Bystander, August 13, 1924 No. 1080. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Compton Collier*

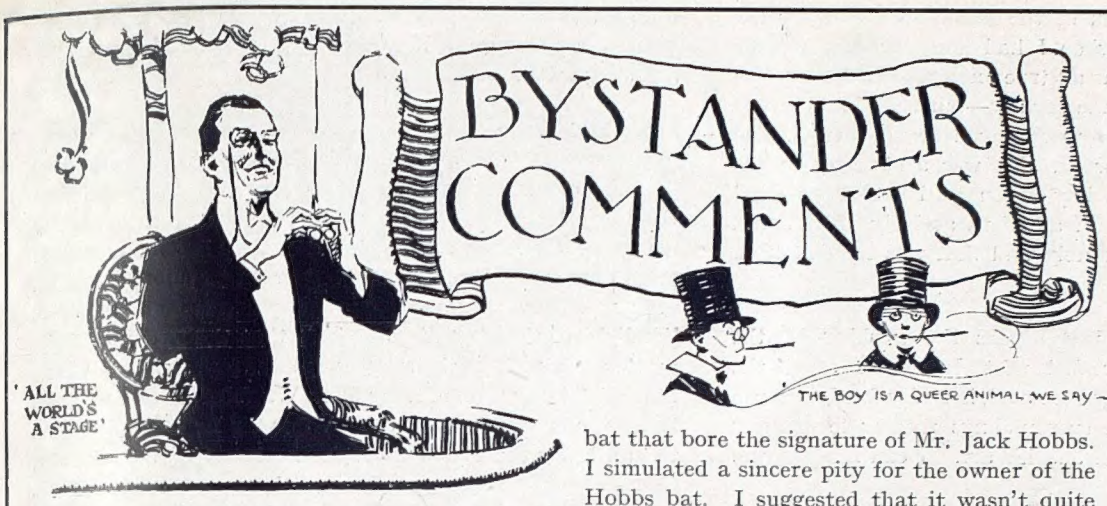
IN A NORFOLK GARDEN

Sir Thomas and Lady Berney with their little daughter, Estelle, and another important personage in the household whose name has been withheld. The photograph was taken at Sir Thomas's home at Barton Bendish Hall in Norfolk

Game That Two Can Play

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

THE SAFETY THAT LIES IN NUMBERS



The Human Boy

DURING these early days of the school holidays we are privileged to study the psychology of the human boy. He is a queer animal, we say, only to find on reflection, that the queerness is in ourselves and that the human boy is direct and straightforward, with no foolish frills about his mental make-up. We may indulge in little subterfuges and evasions among ourselves, but we cannot pull the leg of the human boy. He may pretend, from sheer politeness, to accept us at our face value, but, in the words of Old Omar, "He knows! He knows!" What does he know? He knows what he wants.

Just a Bat!

TAKE an instance! I bought two cricket bats for two human boys. One was supplied by Mr. Jack Hobbs, and the other by a firm of long standing, famous when I, myself, was a boy. I knew perfectly well that both boys would have preferred a bat from a living hero rather than from a dead one, but I chose to blink my eyes to the fact, and this brought about my undoing. The two bats arrived together, and it was found that Mr. Jack Hobbs had taken the trouble to sign his bat with his own hand. It was very thoughtful of Mr. Hobbs, and I was nearly as thrilled as the deliriously happy owner. No one had taken the trouble to sign the other bat. It was just a bat! A very excellent bat, no doubt, but a cold lifeless thing without a soul—or a signature.

Not an Autograph Book

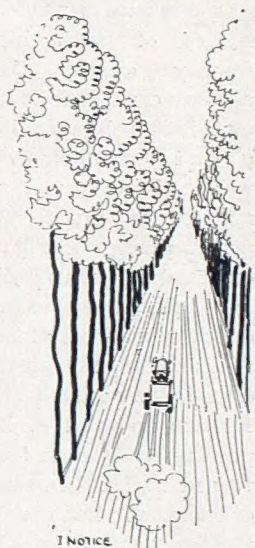
SOMETHING had to be done to placate the owner of the other bat. In my extremity I descended to the subterfuges and evasions common to grown folk. I told him—privately, of course—that *his* bat was worth two of the bat that bore the signature of Mr. Jack Hobbs. I simulated a sincere pity for the owner of the Hobbs bat. I suggested that it wasn't quite the thing to write names on bats—that a bat was one thing and an autograph book was another. The owner of the other bat agreed politely, but I have never seen such profound disbelief shining out of two eyes before. I led the way, miserably, to the pitch that we had cut in the middle of the home paddock, praying that fire would descend from Heaven and burn the Hobbs bat.

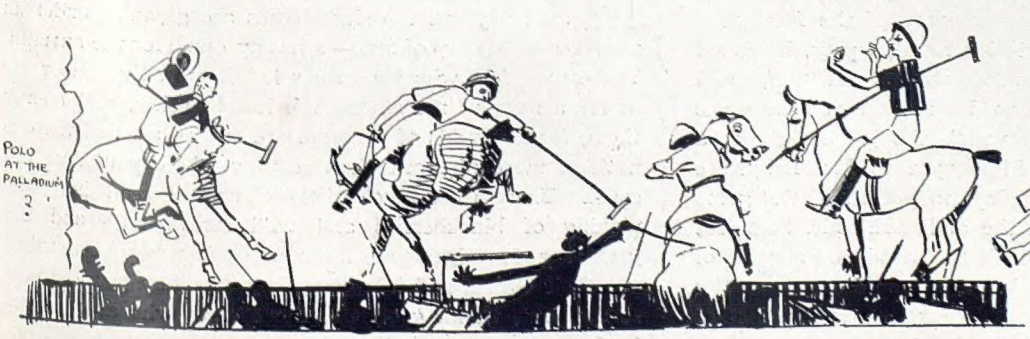
The Sign of a Super-Bat

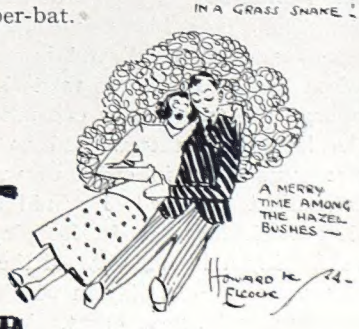
YOU can guess what happened. The Hobbs bat behaved beautifully, and the other bat sprang a slight flaw on the side of the blade. Nothing very serious, you understand, but still there it was, and no argument would take it away. I explained that any really good bat does that sort of thing—that it was the sure sign of a super-bat. I remarked scornfully on the too obvious fact that the Hobbs bat had failed to crack. I spoke of ice that cracks when it bears, and bends when it breaks; and the owner of the other bat listened most politely. Finally, it was arranged that I should take the super-bat that had succeeded in cracking back with me to London, in order to have some beautiful new binding put on it, which would make of it a super-bat indeed. For there was no binding on the blade of the Hobbs bat. Ha! Ha! We had him there! He might score centuries, but he couldn't build a bat that could crack at the first shot!

I Thanked Him Most Politely

ARRIVED at the shop of the firm of long-standing, famous when I, myself, was a boy, I put the bat in the hands of the manager. He stroked the blade lovingly, as one should say, here was a bat indeed. I pointed to the slight flaw, but he waved it aside, explaining that any really good bat does that sort of thing—that it was the sure sign of the super-bat.







I was now in the position of the small boy, and I knew exactly how he had felt when I had been handing out the same sort of stuff. It was all true enough—the bat was as good as when it had left the factory—but the shopman was going the wrong way to work—even as I, myself, had gone the wrong way to work. He was a stranger to the psychology of the human boy—even as I had been—and I found the child that is in all of us actively up in arms. So I thanked him most politely, and that was the end of it.

A Modern Miracle

STRANGE how environment affects the working of the mind. I shall never feel that Joseph Conrad, the master of the modern English novel, is really dead, because I first heard about it in surroundings that were entirely unsympathetic to the man and his art. I can imagine the stir that was caused in literary coteries and in the Clubs when the news came through on the tape. Had I been in London I should have been profoundly impressed. We should have commented once again on the amazing fact that this poor Polish seaman succeeded in writing stories in an alien tongue; stories of such high literary quality that another country than his own hailed him as her great representative writer. It was a modern miracle of pluck and perseverance, and only an outstanding genius could have placed so extraordinary an achievement to his credit. Yet, on the days following his death, I heard no word of his passing, and, when I returned to London, some other matter had caught the imagination of the town.

Polo at the Palladium?

THIS game of lawn tennis on the stage of the Coliseum opens up all sorts of possibilities, most of which have been fully explored by the critics. It was quite in order to suggest that the next step would be the staging of the Cup Final at Drury Lane, and, myself, I see no reason why polo should not be played at the Palladium. Certainly, it would be a good idea to write a sporting drama round an actual game to be played in the glare of the footlights. When Harold Brighouse wrote his football play, he failed because the tremendous encounter was played "off," and the leading characters had to be manœuvred into the manager's office in order to watch the game through a convenient window! I would suggest to Mr. Brighouse that he should re-model his play, to permit of the game being played in full view of the audience. Mr. Somerset Maugham wrote a play in which he introduced a game of patience with great effect. What splendid opportunities a game of croquet would provide for the exploitation of the particular brand of humour of this particular author.

AN *IN*-GLORIOUS "TWELFTH!" By Blam

I assure him I shall lay no claim to one per cent. on the gross, even though I may feel that I have earned it by my suggestion.

Sport and Stage

I CERTAINLY don't agree with the critic who deprecated this closer association of sport and stage. "The theatre," he says, "is no place for games, the sporting nature of which must be degraded as they become more and more pure spectacles." And he goes on to pillory "certain players of lawn tennis whose proper place seems to be in the limelight of the stage." But isn't that the strength of the whole position? If the stage game attracts the lover of the limelight, he will be missing from Wimbledon, and we shall be all the happier as a result. When Sir Eric Geddes began to run his great roads through the heart of the country, there were pessimists who complained that he would be the ruin of rural England. Yet, in practice, we find that the great arterial roads drain the country of its road-hogs, and the by-ways have benefited as the highways have been made more attractive to the speed merchant. There are usually two sides to every question.

An Authentic Case

FOLLOWING the topical discovery that gulls raid the nests of the grouse, I have heard of the exploits of another marauder. On a farm in Oxfordshire, a large grass snake was killed, and inside it were found three young partridges! Sportsmen are never tired of discussing the virtues and vices of creatures of the wild, and there is no doubt that we still have a lot to learn in this direction. Who are the foes and who the friends of Velveteens? What is the proper status of the owl and is the grey squirrel such a bad hat? It is a fruitful field of research, and I am glad to be able to state an authentic case on the subject.

Something for Nothing

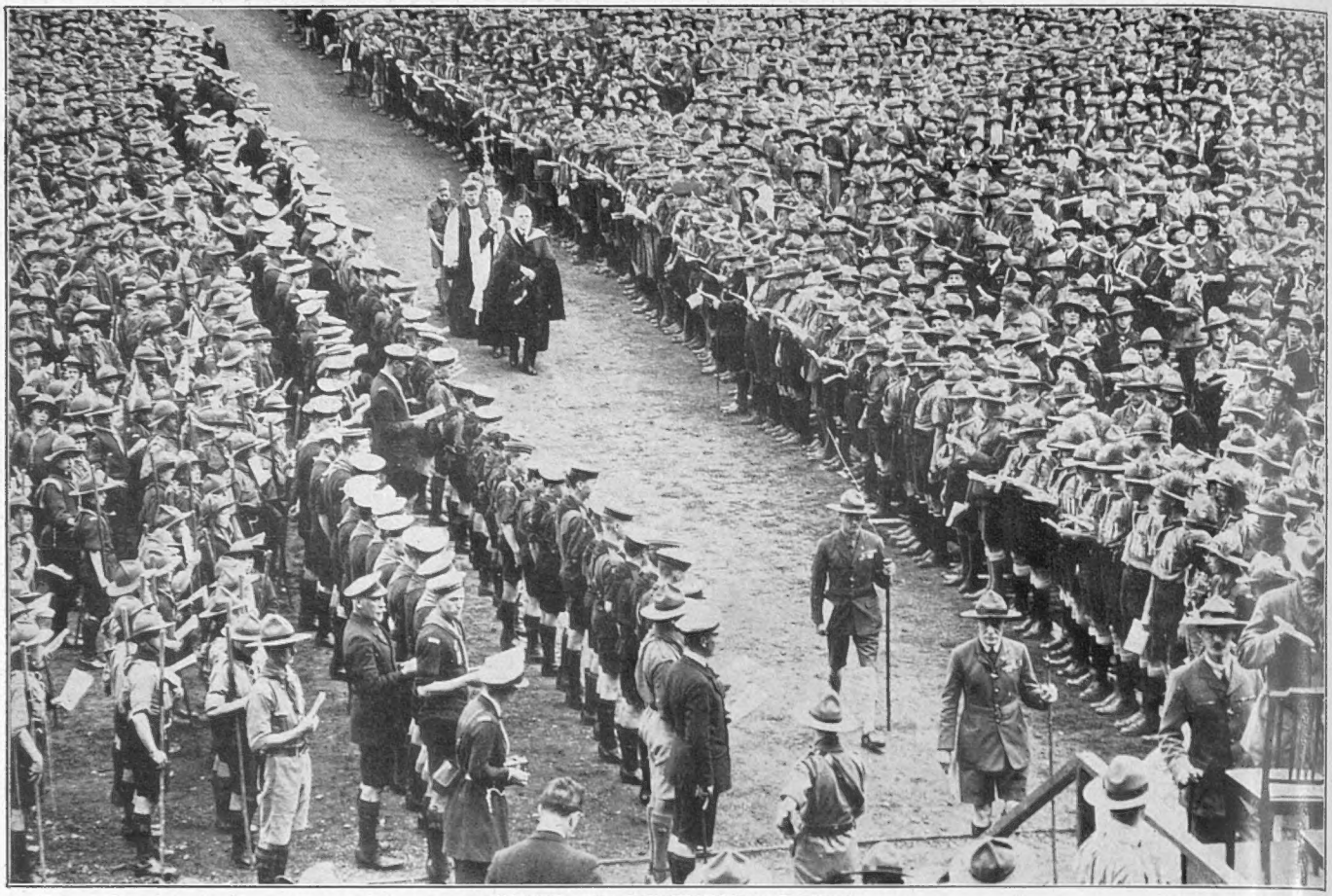
MANY hard things have been said of this typical English summer, but the shrubberies are groaning under an unprecedented crop of nuts—a happy omen for the autumn. Those wise folk who take their holidays in September are in for a merry time among the hazel bushes, and I envy them, for the roads of England are free to all, and there is nothing more pleasant than reaping where you have not sown. Therein lies much of the charm of sea-fishing, the picking of blackberries and wild strawberries and the gathering of mushrooms. Fortunate beings may have staked out their claims and inherited their carefully guarded preserves, but, thank goodness, those of us who are not yet landowners can still share in the prodigality of Nature.

Potential Presentation Panels for Parliament

BY E. T. REED

A few "new masters" which have been especially designed to harmonise in profound historic interest with the Astor masterpiece now removed from its Parliamentary perch

Young Brothers of Empire at the Boy Scouts' Jamboree



Photograph] BEFORE THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE *[Topical*

The Prince of Wales ("Chief Morning Star," as those master-scouts, the Red Indians, picturesquely call him) preceded by Sir Robert Baden-Powell and followed by the Archbishop of York in his scarlet robe of Convocation, arriving for the Thanksgiving Service at Wembley, when twelve thousand Boy Scouts from all over the Empire assembled last week for the impressive Imperial Jamboree

Photograph] SALUTING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM *[I.B.*

The Prince of Wales, with Sir Robert Baden-Powell and the Archbishop of York, on the dais during the Scouts' Thanksgiving Service. In his address to the Empire Scouts, the Prince said, "The Empire was like a bundle of sticks, any one of which might be broken, but which, when they were tied together, could not be broken"

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Royal Ladies and Military Rank

SIX of the ladies of the Royal Family have military rank, but only in one instance does this rank carry with it any military responsibility. This is Princess Beatrice's Captaincy of the Isle of Wight. Queen Mary is Colonel-in-Chief of the 18th Hussars and of the 100th (Worcestershire and Oxfordshire) Brigade R.F.A. Queen Alexandra is Colonel-in-Chief of the 15/9th (Queen Alexandra's Own Royal) Hussars, and Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire) Regiment. Princess Mary is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment). The Princess Royal is Colonel-in-Chief of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is Colonel-in-Chief of Princess Louise's Own (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).

Princess Beatrice was appointed Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle by Queen Victoria after the death in 1896 of her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, who had previously held those positions. The Governorship and Captaincy of the Island involve a considerable amount of work which Princess Beatrice fulfils most conscientiously. The Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight is always in residence at Carisbrooke Castle whenever the Sovereign visits the Island.

Photograph *Abrahams & Sons*

AT PLYMOUTH

Sub-Lieutenant Prince George, Lieut.-Commander R. G. Bowes-Lyon, and officers of H.M.S. Ursula. The photograph was taken on board the Ursula at Plymouth, after Prince George had unveiled the Naval War Memorial on the Hoe

A Descendant of Kings

COUNT ROBERTO LUCCHESI PALLI, whose engagement to Lady Hermione Herbert, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis, was recently announced, belongs to one of the oldest families in Italy. He is likewise a descendant of the Bourbon Kings of Naples, his great-grandmother having been that famous lady, the Duchess de Berri, who caused such a stir in Europe in the thirties of the last century.

A daughter of King Ferdinand of Naples, she married the Duke de Berri, the heir to the throne of France, who was assassinated. Their only child, the Comte de Chambord, was born after the Duke's death. When the child's grandfather, Charles X, was sent about his business by the French, and Louis Philippe, representing the Orléans branch of the Bourbon family, was put on the throne in his place, the Duchess de Berri raised the standard of revolt on behalf of her son, the rightful heir.

She descended on La Vendée, the province most loyal to the old French Bourbon kings. Nobles and peasants flocked to her banner, but with the appearance of Louis Philippe's troops the rising fizzled out, and the Duchess was taken prisoner. She was shut up in the castle at Blois, and there a startling discovery was made. The Duchess was about to become a

Photograph *Hunters, Buxton*

AFTER THE CHRISTENING

A photograph taken after the christening at Rangemoor, of Michael Evan Victor Baillie, the son of Capt. the Hon. Evan and Lady Maud Baillie. The group shows, seated, Capt. the Hon. Evan Baillie (left), Lady Burton and the baby, the Dowager Lady Burton and Lady Maud Baillie. Standing: the Duke of Devonshire (left), Colonel James Baillie and the Duchess of Devonshire

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON BOARD VALDORA

Sir William Portal with his party, which includes Lady Cynthia Colville, Miss Turnor, Mr. F. Chaplin, Captain M. Drummond and the Marquis of Ailsa, during Cowes Regatta. Valdora won the King's Cup

mother. Louis Philippe and the Orléanists immediately seized upon this circumstance to destroy any sympathy the French might have had for the mother of the Comte de Chambord. They were so successful that the Duchesse de Berri became a discredited woman throughout France. Consequently, there was nothing more to fear from her, and she was set free.

It has always been a moot question whether King Louis Philippe actually knew the truth or not. If he did, he suppressed it. The facts were that before her departure on this expedition, the Duchess de Berri had been privately married at The Hague to Count Lucchesi-Palli, her gentleman-in-waiting. The marriage had been kept secret for fear that it would lessen her prestige among the Vendeans.

Photograph *Special Press*

BEFORE THE FLAG ON FIREFLY II

Lady Frank and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George braving the breezes at Cowes

An Ancient Family

THE Lucchesi-Pallis were created counts eight and a half centuries ago. They have been Princes of Campofranco for three hundred years, and Dukes della Grazia for two hundred and twenty-five. All their titles are Sicilian. They have estates in Austria, in Sicily, in Czecho-Slovakia, and they also own the beautiful Palazzo Vendramin in Venice. In the course of time the Duchess de Berri's husband became Prince of Campofranco. They lived at Brunnsee, the Campofranco property in Styria, which was bought by the Duchess, the principal seat of the family, and where Lady Hermione Herbert's *fiancé* was born.

Count Charles Lucchesi-Palli, Count Roberto's father, has only recently succeeded to the family honours through the death of his elder brother. Owing to a curious arrangement, the title by which Lady Hermione will be known after her marriage has, so I understand, not yet been settled. Although Prince of Campofranco is the older title, some of the heads of the family have elected to style themselves Duke della Grazia, leaving the princely title to their eldest son. Others have chosen the first title, giving their eldest sons the ducal title. I am told that the present head of the family has not yet decided which title he will take.

The family has yet another alliance with the Royal house of Bourbon, Count Roberto's uncle, Count Pietro Lucchesi-Palli, having married Princess Beatrice of Bourbon-Parma, a granddaughter of the last Duke of Parma and sister of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria. Count Roberto's stepmother was a morganatic daughter of one of the Austrian Archdukes.

Photograph *Sport and General*

COMING UP "STAGE"

The Hon. Edward Stonor, the Marquise d' Hautpoul and Sir Harry Stonor at Cowes

Scottish Shootings

SCOTTISH landlords who let their shootings will have no cause to grumble this year. The demand for deer forests and grouse moors far exceeds that of five years ago, which was considered a record. But, by all accounts, on some of the moors driving will not be possible before the end

Photograph *Central News*

THE KING AT THE WHEEL

His Majesty on board his yacht Britannia. The King's cutter gained an easy victory in the open handicap for yachts over a hundred tons, on the first day of the Regatta

of the mouth; the cold weather during nesting time having had a bad effect on the birds.

In the Western Highlands the Hon. Sidney Peel has taken Flowerdale, the deer forest belonging to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, near Loch Maree; and in Sutherland the Marquis of Londonderry has rented Lochchoire Lodge from the Duke of Sutherland. In Banffshire the Duke of Richmond has let the Moor of Cabrach to Mr. W. G. Waldron, and Glenavon in the same county to Sir Ian Walker. The Duke of Atholl has let Dalnamein to General Gage, Clunes to the Marquis Camden, and

Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

THE PARTY AT NUBIA HOUSE

A group including Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring and some of their guests during Cowes week. Our picture shows: the Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury, the Misses Poppy and Viola Baring, Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring and their younger son Raymond (in front), Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mr. Charles Baring

Photograph *I. B.*

A FAMILY THREESOME

Lord and Lady Birkenhead and their daughter Lady Pamela Smith, on the Mairi

Dalnaspidal to Colonel Seely. Lord Macdonald's shootings in the Isle of Skye have been taken by Mr. L. E. F. Holt and Susan, Duchess of Somerset, Mr. Holt having Armadale

Photograph *Sport and General*

WINNING WAYS

Three prize winners in Class 20 at the annual exhibition of the Beaufort Hunt Farmers' Club held at Badminton. The group shows Lady Blanche Douglas (left) on Tallulah, winner of the first prize, the Marchioness of Worcester, the second prize winner, and Lady Diana Somerset who carried off the third prize

Castle and its shootings, and the Duchess, Portree Lodge with the Scarrybreck and Reigg shootings. The Mackintosh, with whom it is expected the King will shoot at Moy Hall rather later than usual this year—has let Coignafearn, one of the best shooting properties in Inverness-shire, to Mr. Alexander Cross.

Shootings in Ross-shire have let extremely well. Mr. Sidney Martineau has taken Lord Novar's place, Novar, of about 20,000 acres, and Sir Victor Warrender has some 30,000 acres with a possible bag of eighty stags in Bræmore Forest, which he is renting from Sir Montagu Fowler. The Countess of Cromartie has let Castle Leod and its shootings in the same county. In Forfarshire, the Earl of Airlie has let Cortachy Castle to Mr. Alfred Farquhar. Far north, in Caithness, Mr. John H. Pease will occupy Sir John Sinclair's house, Barrock. Lord Burgh has let Glenkindie in Aberdeenshire to Major Mitchell.

There are a goodly number of Americans amongst the tenants of Scottish shootings. Amongst others, Mr. A. A. Robbins of New York has taken Yester House, the Marquis of Tweeddale's place in East Lothian. Mr. Henry L. Stimpson, also of New York, has rented Ben Klibreck House and the Mudale Forest in Sutherland from Sir Laurence Phillips. Lord Forbes's place, Castle Forbes in Aberdeenshire, will be occupied by Mr. G. Cole Scott of Richmond, Virginia, and Glentruim House in Inverness-shire has been taken by Mr. MacBurn of Long Island. The Princess Royal is numbered amongst the Scottish landowners who are letting their shootings. This year, H.R.H. has let a large part of her Mar shootings on Upper Deeside.

A Claim to a Dukedom

THE Earl of Darnley, who succeeded his brother as eighth Earl twenty-four years ago, is selling a considerable portion of his estate at Cobham in Kent, roughly some five thousand acres. It should fetch high prices, as the land has two river frontages and is crossed by the new arterial road from Dartford to Rochester.

Cobham Hall, one of the finest houses in Kent—that county of fine houses—came to the Darnleys through marriage. The title is also borne by the Duke of Richmond, but his Earldom of Darnley is a Scottish creation of Charles II. The Darnleys of Cobham were created Irish Earls by George II.

The fourth Earl of Darnley made a claim in 1829 which, if it had been successful, would have deprived the Dukes of Richmond of their second ducal title of Lennox. When the last Duke of Lennox died in 1672, Charles II became his heir, the Lennoxes being closely connected with the Stuarts. Charles conferred the duchy, together with that of Richmond, on his illegitimate son by Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. The fourth Earl of Darnley was descended from the sister of the last Duke of Lennox. On this descent he claimed the Duchy of Lennox. But the House of Lords got out of an awkward situation by coming to "no

Photograph *G. W. Day*

TEE TIME PERSONALITIES

Lieut-Col. C. Hankey (left), Capt. Lane and Lord Lurgan, three of the many "good men and true" who snatch recreation on that popular haunt of society golfers, the North Berwick Links

Photograph *G. W. Day*

"LE GOLF" AT NORTH BERWICK

Four players who were seen recently on the famous links at North Berwick where golf never loses its supremacy. The group shows Mr. Cyril Tolley (left), Mr. E. Esmond, Miss Hunniwell and George Duncan

decision," so the Dukes of Richmond remained in undisturbed possession of the title.

The Darnleys have the rather confusing privilege of owning two baronies of the same name, one Clifton of Rathmore, the other Clifton of Leighton Bromswald. The first is the courtesy title borne by the heir, and as the second can pass in the female line, it is now borne by the only child of the late Lord Darnley. Her mother, who is now Lady Leveson, has the unusual Christian name of Jemima, a creation of Stuart times, as the feminine version of James, just as Georgina was invented out of compliment to the Georges in the eighteenth century.

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS WESTON AND MRS. WESTON AT LE TOUQUET

THE HOLIDAY ROUND on the FRENCH COAST

Boys Then and Now

AFTER thirty-five years as a master at Eton, Mr. L. S. R. Byrne has just retired. In his generation he finds that "everything has altered," not only the methods of teaching, but the boys themselves. "The boys are very much more orderly now," he says, "and, in a way, gentler and tamer. I think the boys in my generation were more independent and rougher. I should say the change is entirely for the better. The boys now come and talk quite openly to their master, whereas in the old days there was a sort of divinity which hedged him round. This change is very largely due to the spread of athletics. From the moment the masters could beat the boys at games the whole attitude changed."

Then Mr. Byrne adds, "The first time I became impressed with this social change was in the case of a master who ultimately became a Bishop. I happened to see him on his face in the mud in South Meadow with the whole of an Eton bully on top of him. This was on a Saturday evening, rather late. On Sunday morning he was preaching in the chapel."

I quite agree with Mr. Byrne that masters taking part in games has made an enormous difference to school life, but don't you think that the modern boys' attitude to his masters is also largely influenced by the attitude of modern parents towards their children? I wonder how many boys at Eton are "afraid" of their parents? A generation ago most boys went to school with what was then considered a "wholesome" fear of those in authority over them, literally bred in their bones by the attitude of their parents. The masters continued the tradition of the home. Nowadays, most parents try to be the friends of their children first, mothers and fathers afterwards. Hence, I think, the reason why boys are "more orderly" now "and, in a way, gentler and tamer" is because they are so much with their parents that the representatives of authority no longer inspire them with fear.

Photograph *I. N. A.*

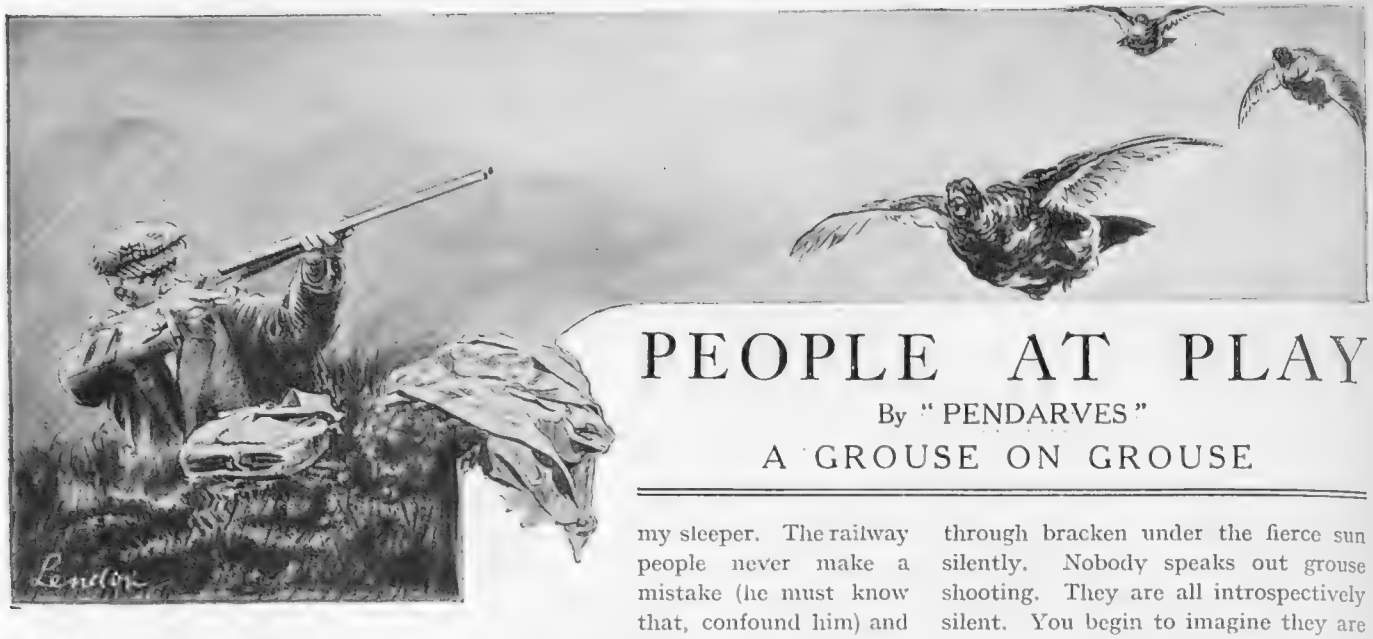
MISS VERA COOPER, THE WELL-KNOWN DANCER, AT DEAUVILLE

Photograph *Alfieri*

MAJOR THE HON. J. S. COKE AND MR. BURROUGHS AT LE TOUQUET

Photograph *Alfieri*

MRS. McCORMICK AT LE TOUQUET



PEOPLE AT PLAY

By "PENDARVES"

A GROUSE ON GROUSE

My trouble is that I seem to know such a lot of Scotsmen, and they are so infernally hospitable. The difficulty is to know to whom to go without undue discomfort and attacks of nerves. Take this year, for example. My dear old friend Levinstein, who does a bit of business for me now and again on the quiet, and who is a useful man to keep in with, says gutturally over the telephone that the prospects this year are "enormous." That it is "a bull of a place" called Braglamaddy—"full o' the right stuff, my poy, an' don' you f'get it." That all the bhoys from the rogues' table at his City luncheon club are going to be there, and that he is "counting on me—see?" That means that I lose about £4 15*s.* at poker nightly, and get the worst shooting in Scotland.

Maclintoch, who never seems to move out of Scotland, is a confirmed pessimist about prospects every year, but whose 12,000 acres hardly ever fail to return him 300 brace, writes warning me that I shan't have "much of a time" this year owing to disease and the early wet (last year it was the damned drought) but that, of course, there is a bed, and all that sort of thing.

Maclintoch is one of those dour Scotsmen who says practically nothing (except "aye") and does about three men's work in the way of walking up, and at least two men's work with the wickered flask, the contents of which are pale but potent, neither of which exercises makes the slightest impression on his gaunt frame.

Here are a few of my uncharitable grousings about Maclintoch's grouse—which I never seem able to shoot—but which draw me irresistibly whenever I can stave off Levinstein with lies. There is first of all the pestilential man at Euston whom I invariably find nosing about round the door of my sleeper. The railway people never make a mistake (he must know that, confound him) and yet he seems certain that I have got his berth, and says so brusquely and repeatedly until the bland car attendant confines him in a much cooler place than I should like to.

There is the chilly arrival at dawn in Perthshire. The awakening after an indifferent night to the sudden remembrance of several most important things you have left behind; chief amongst which, of course, is that large, worn pair of ankle spats you put out particularly on some table or other, *and* the something-or-other lotion you dab on your stockings against the Maclintoch mosquitos (like unto nothing in the swamps of central Asia, but entirely unnoticed by any of the Maclintoch fraternity). You can't get a drop of this priceless fluid north of the Tweed, it seems, and that means two days of purgatory. You remember sourly at this point the fatuous remark of the loader in that inferno of a butt last year who, noticing your scratchings and contortions, said, placidly, "Aye, ye jist gie 'em a pat wi' the hand an' they'll be awa'." Yes, but *after* the damage is done—idiot!

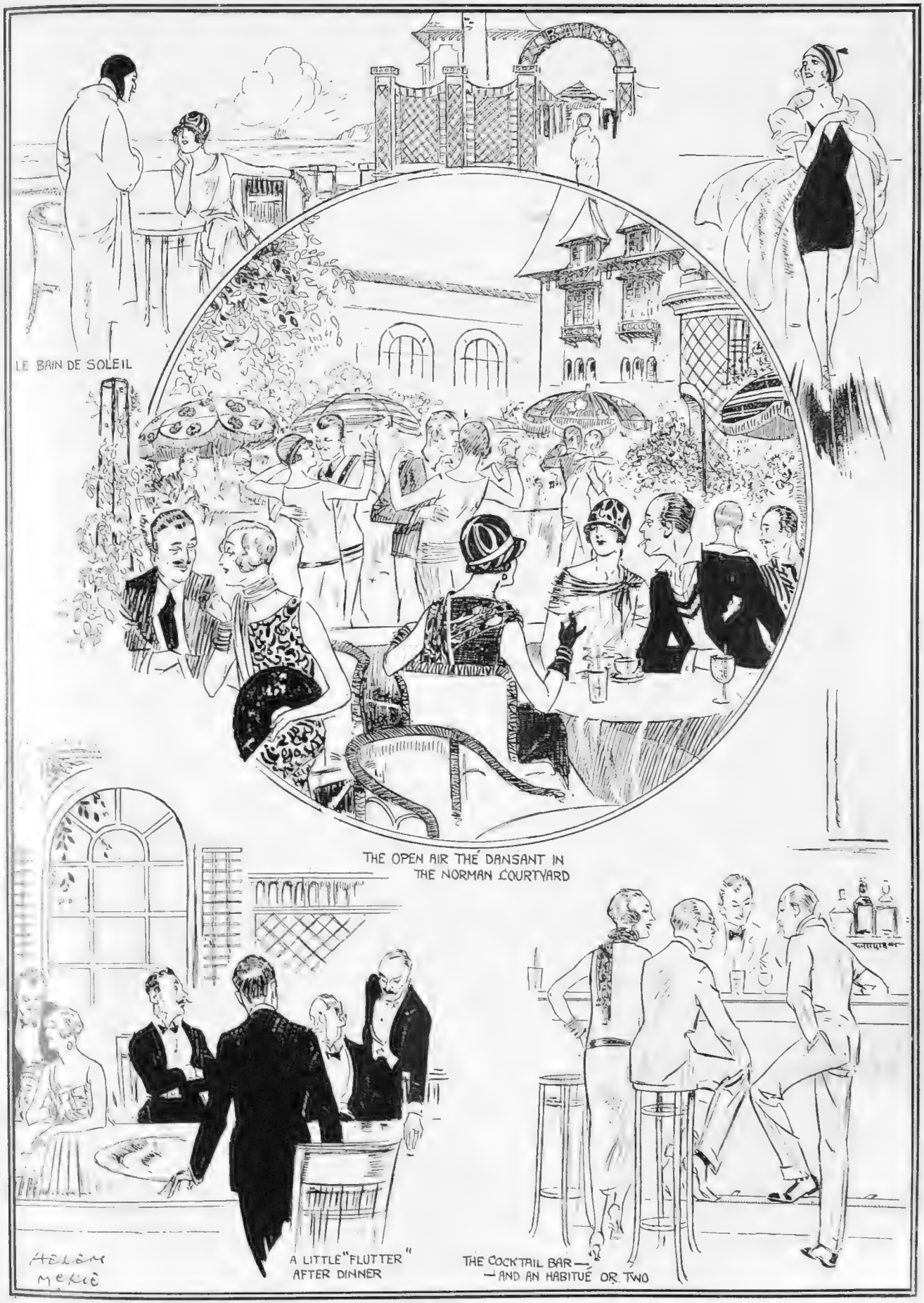
There is the muster of dour guns on Mac's front lawn the first morning of a succession of sweltering days. The chilly salutation of the gillie, a man of the type whose expression, masked inadequately by the discipline of generations of service, shows clearly enough that he doesn't suffer fools gladly—and that you had better "bring 'em doon or go hame the noo." This looking-over expression in the eyes of the average Highland gillie is enough to put the nervous Southerner permanently out of gear for a fortnight.

There is the 105 mile walk, or so it seems, to your butt. It is always a brown speck of heather and hurdle on the *next* piece of rising ground looming menacingly in the haze far ahead. All this time you have been trudging through bracken under the fierce sun silently. Nobody speaks out grouse shooting. They are all introspectively silent. You begin to imagine they are all wondering why *you* of all hopeless shots have been included in the party again this year, after that exhibition of tail-scattering last August.

Arrived, at long last, at the butt, three parts dead with heat and fatigue, your dour Scotch loader says "a-a-ah" (the first word vouchsafed to you yet) with an air that implies "now we shall see what we shall see"; which being interpreted signifies "Is this palsied Southerner in the loud checks a *man*, or merely one of the usual apologies for same?" There follows, as all good men and true know, though none of the false will admit it, a period of very dreadful pause. . . Things are about to occur. Events in which you have got to play a conspicuous part. You wonder whether you are unlike other men in that you feel like the third form boy outside the House Master's door at the swishing hour of nine. You take a look through the glasses at the man in the next Butt. He is chatting gaily with his loader—they are actually *joking*—extraordinary!

Then the awful first hurricane breaks out. There is a whistle. Your silent and disapproving companion steps quickly into position on your right, barrels up. A small cloud like a man's hand afar off . . . a whirr . . . a bang . . . four bangs . . . and it is all over. You are not perfectly certain that you touched a single feather. When, to your amazement, the Strong Silent Man mutters "Aye . . . that was guid"—so you suppose you must have. Sweat is wiped out of eyes and a sweet content grips your heart. . . . Gorgeous! Perfect morning . . . perfect visibility . . . a perfect pair of guns, these, since I had the stocks altered. . . Grouse? I wasn't grousing, my dear fellow. . . You never heard *me* grousing on a morning like this, not likely. You are mistaken. It was the other fellow. Not me!

The Brave and The Fair at Pourville



BY HELEN McKIE

Some impressions of the Grand Hotel and Casino at Pourville—the little watering place a few miles from Dieppe that is becoming a firm favourite with many discerning ones on this side of the Channel. This little jewel of a place, with its picturesque Norman towers in an old Normandy setting, offers many attractions to a chic and sophisticated world. An excellent combination: a few kind hearts, a coronet or two, some simple faith (not too much) and Norman—architecture

Stag-Hunting Here Once Again

Photograph *Alfieri*

DISCUSSING PROSPECTS

Mr. E. C. Lloyd (right), the Secretary, chatting with Mr. Lionel Edwards, the artist, at the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds.

Photograph

BEFORE THE RUN

Lord and Lady Cromer at the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset which was held at Cloutsham in Somerset. The field was fortunate in experiencing an exceptionally good hunt across the open moorland

Photograph *Sport and General*

READY FOR THE FRAY

The Master, Col. W. W. Wiggin (left) and the Huntsman, Ernest Bawden, at the opening meet, which was highly successful, the stag being accounted for near Hoar Oak Farm after a run of three and a half hours

YOGO HAMA AT 2 L.O.

"I climb fatigueishly many 1,000's of steps"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

No doubtlessly there continue to remain many innumerous ignoramus persons, foreigns and provincials, who are so abysmal they have not yetly acquired to understand wireless harmonics and other ethereal noises which reach us without any visible means of support. I therefore consider to myself how beneficent it should be if I make to investigate these atmospheric blessings in order to give goodish and lucid explanations of same suitable to the meanest intelligences, masc and femn. For achieving the excellent informations which shall follow vizly, my debts are due to Hon. Sir Uncle Caractus, 2L.O, who has enable me to imbibe very complete understanding of this so profoundish subject, which I now seek to depict in almost his very words.

Responsing to amiable invitations, I present myself in due order at B.B.C., where a uniform person made to examine my crednitials and other good conduct testimonials. He then inform I should ascent many innumerous stairs of stone because the machinery lift was not lifting to-day.

"What for are this so?" I demand to require.

"Because," he inform, "we have now a very stylish prime donna vociferating notes which it requires so much electrics to transport, we have not any volts left for the lift."

Therefore I climb fatigueishly many 1,000's of steps and arrive to the top with only short pants and gasps. Almost I have recovered them, when I observe to approach me a masc person in fashion garments.

"Kindly to inform the whereabouts, if any, of Hon. Sir Uncle Caractus, 2L.O," I requesh.

"I have the unworthy honour to be him. Do I find myself adumbrating the Hon. Mr. Y. Hama?"

"I confess you, Sir Caractus, I are that very non-estimable person. Permit I should purvey you 2 or 3,000 apologetics for my so non-politeness."

"Kindly to spare your esteemed self so many awful pains, Mr. Y. Hama. I pray you suffer good healths and other carnal prosperities, also Hon. family, if any."

"Indeedly yes, Hon. Sir Uncle. Permit I should afford you some 1,000,000's of thanks for these so kindish regards, also to hope you do not enjoy any ills or other inflictions, but very to the contrary, with good feeding appetites and family, if any."

"Kindly to believe my insurances of the affirmative, Mr. Y. Hama. Also that if this should not even be so, the spectacular of your so non-undistinguished presences and delicious person would cause me to forget my griefs and other worldly misfortunes, if any."

"Permit I should declaim these so generous complimentings which you suffuse me, Sir Caractus. May I requesh of you some authentic informations concerning re your aerial harmonics and other wireless chords, if not impolite?"

"Indeedly I cannot achieve to imagine what should produce me more pleasurable palpitations. Kindly not to suffer hesitations, but consider me yours unworthily to command for 1, 6 or 9 hours as you should require."

"I must fail to sufficiently depict my non-speakable obligations and other liabilities, which I could not suffice to repay in 3 or 4,000 years, Hon. Sir Caractus. Henceforthly I shall profoundishly pray you may become a very worshipped and venerable ancestor."

"To make capture some atmospherics"

"I cannot receive so stupendous complimentings because of my immeasurable non-worthiness of same, Mr. Y. Hama. Permit I should requit you these so goodish wishes with plus 10 or 15 %."

"Kindly not to suffocate me with so non-earned esteems, Sir Uncle. But you will impardon my so non-pardonable hastes, if I now seek you to give me some wireless informations."

"O yes, Mr. Y. Hama, I will 1-stly take you to the electrics department where we imbottle and pass through pipes the vocal and other productions which we purvey."

I follow Hon. Sir Uncle Caractus to a department chock with

"Chock with magnetoes and other electric sparkings"

magnetoes and other electric sparkings, very awful to non-initiates.

"Kindly to expound these so horrific apparata," I requesh.

"This, Mr. Y. Hama, is where we transport our sounds to the outer and other hemispheres. They pass through our pipes and we then pump them to Hon. Sir Marconi's house, and he then puts them on a wireless magneto to shoot all over the civilised globes."

"How do you combat or ensnare the atmospherics and other aerial monsters who roar into your pipes, Sir Caractus?"

"Alasly we do not, Mr. Y. Hama, and you should feel very astonishments to know how altogether completely they elude our traps and baits. We would jump to pay 1,000 or more £'s to hunting persons who should bring us 1 of these aerial monsters, alive or defunct, or even for the skin of same."

"Ejaculing into a metallic sausage"

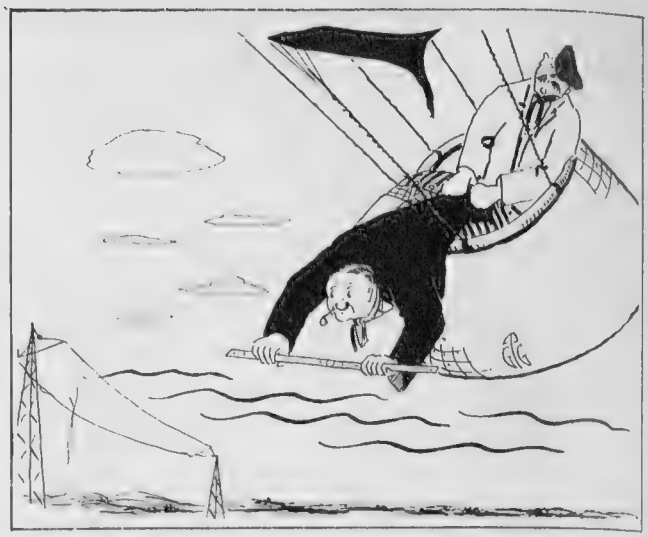
"This are goodish rewardings very forsoothly, therefore I shall endeavour to make capture some atmospherics for you and reap perhapsly 2 or 5,000£."

"Should you enjoy to observe a prime or other donna vociferating notes into Hon. microcosm, Mr. Y. Hama?"

"I should indeedly suffer excruciating pleasures to witness this wireless feat," I repop.

I are then conduct to a very padded department where I witness a stoutish fair ejaculing into a metallic sausage on a perambulating box with very stupendous vigour. When saidly fair stopped to acquire fresh winds, Hon. Sir Uncle inform me very scientifically how the words and notes are propelled to the atmospheres.

"This, Mr. Y. Hama, are the microcosm which if you speak or blow songs into him, propels same to persons who have made purchase the legitimate 10/- certificate. When I speak into this metal sausage, it pushes my words through pipes to Hon. Sir Marconi, who so kindly aerates them to our customers. Also by this so wonderful machine, our words do not grow stale or baddish in transit, but arrive as fresh as from an ice or other cold storage."



"They catch the waves and measure their lengths"

"Kindly to inform, Sir Caractus, how you suffice to measure the wavelengths to requisite ft., and inches."

"This are very difficult business, Mr. Y. Hama, and must be accomplish by expert and specially prepared persons. We send them up on balloons or other wind-bags, so they catch the waves and measure their lengths."

"Would you kindly to permit I should divulge a small wireless ode, Sir Caractus?"

"By many means, Mr. Y. Hama. Perhaps we shall place it to music for blowing by our wireless band."

This are the cantatoe:

Are it not sweetish joy to listen-in,
To hear the primeish donnas blow and sing?
But mostly of all I do adore
To hear atmospherics gently roar.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your good healths continue to maintain above par, I remain

Yogo Hama

IN THE HIGHVELD

An interesting group from Ofcolaco, Northern Transvaal, including the Earl of Athlone (Governor-General of South Africa), Princess Alice and Lady May Cambridge, photographed on a visit to an ex-officer camp—one of the Government farms

"From Small Beginnings—"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The landing of the first expedition up the river Wemb to discover and secure a site for the present British Empire Exhibition

Beauty and Their Beasts—

LES CHIENS DE LUXE IN THE DOG DAYS OF PARIS

THE recent competition at the Château de Madrid for the luxury ones of Paris Dogdom was something of a Society event—it was as much a competition for owners as for doggies! Exhibitors had to bring their pets up to the judges' platform themselves, and show them to the assembled multitude—so needless to say discussion of coats and points was not confined to the fourfooted ones only. To judge by our artist's impressions, "le chic" and "le chien" combine very charmingly in picturesque Paris

By ROSE LE QUESNE

"Penses-tu!"

"Love me, Love my Dog"

Marie and her Little—Lamb?

Tea for Two

A Bit of a Handful

Built for Speed

Me and Mine

A Fayre Player

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

MISTRESS MARY LEIGH

As she appeareth in a new rendition offe ye immortalle Tragedie, "Ye Babes in ye Wood." The same is one of ye pleasing spectacles to be witnessed in "Yoicks," at ye playhouse in Great Queen Street, yclept, ye Kingsway

Produced July 22, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is another of the absorbing plays of crime and mystery that are so popular just now. There is the usual Oriental ingredient, which may or may not supply a clue to the crime; and there are the usual number of suspected people, each of whom at first sight seems most obviously the criminal concerned. We will begin with Mr. Edwin Latter, the great Egyptologist (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith), Mr. Latter has been for some years engaged in the now popular occupation of rifling the tombs of the illustrious dead in Egypt; but he has been obliged to return home because some unkind person went and cut one of the ligaments of his right leg, and he can no longer walk. He wheels himself about in an invalid chair, which is the Creaking Chair of the play; and we are satisfied from the start that whatever crime may be about to be committed so suave and amiable a gentleman can certainly not be mixed up in it in any way to his disadvantage.

MR. CARRUTHERS, Mr. Latter's partner, stayed behind in Egypt; while Mrs. Carruthers returned home, and now lives the traditionally adventurous life of a grass-widow next door to Mr. Latter at his place in Hertfordshire. Such great secrecy must be observed in conveying to Mr. Latter his share of the finds in Egypt that the precious goods are usually sent first of all to Mrs. Carruthers, who hands them personally to Mr. Latter, so that designing thieves may be switched off the trail. Mr. Latter, being apparently a rather accomplished thief himself, is not taking any chances with regard to trade rivals. A year previously Mr. Latter was a widower; but on his last journey home from the East he fell in love with a girl of no particular nationality, and very properly married her. The new Mrs. Latter is as impulsive and jealous as a spoilt child. She is, in fact, a bundle of nerves. She not unnaturally resents the visits of Mrs. Carruthers to her husband, especially as these visits, for the sake of greater secrecy, usually occur late at night. On one occasion Mrs. Latter comes downstairs, after having ostensibly gone to bed, and finds Mrs. Carruthers apparently making very desperate love to Mr. Latter.

AND the next thing we hear is that that night Mrs. Carruthers has been murdered. Knowing people smile complacently to themselves, and solve the mystery at once to their own satisfaction. Mrs. Latter comes from East of Suez, where a murder more or less would not appear seriously to prejudice one in the eyes of one's fellow citizens. It is, therefore, quite obvious that in a mad fit of jealousy she ran across to Mrs. Carruthers' house and slaughtered the unhappy lady as a simple matter of common justice. Presently, the usual comic detective arrives on the scene, and talks like a father to Mrs. Latter, who shows, under the questioning, all the signs of nervousness usually associated with a murderess who feels herself coming slowly but inevitably within the grip of the law.

BUT it then appears that Sylvia, the grown-up daughter of Mr. Latter, was out on the preceding night, at the hour at which the murder was committed, when she ought to have been in bed and asleep. Another clue! Sylvia owes Mrs. Carruthers about a couple of hundred pounds for gambling debts, and cannot raise a ha'penny of the money. Her reputation as a bad payer of debts of honour has even decided her favourite bookmaker to refuse to accept her bets by telephone. One does not like to suspect such a nice, ladylike girl of stabbing a troublesome creditor in the neck, but Mrs. Carruthers was worrying her a good deal for the money owed, and these creditors must be kept in their place somehow. Clearly, Miss Sylvia is a lady who wants watching as the play proceeds.

ANOTHER person whose movements are very suspicious is Angus Holly, the very Scotch manservant of Mr. Latter. Angus was with his master in Egypt and he knows a bit of treasure when he sees it. He has to hide a rare headdress in the secret drawer of a cabinet, and this he does before his

master's eyes. But on the night of the murder Angus crept downstairs in the dark, after everyone was in bed, and went to the cabinet and took something from it. According to Angus, the man who knifed his master in Egypt was

none other than Carruthers himself, and he may have regarded it as a nice point of duty in faithful service to run across and knife Mrs. Carruthers in return, in order to square the account. Another suspicious circumstance is that when he is questioned by the detective as to what he knows of the crime he declines to answer, on the frivolous ground that he is not a talkative man.

FINALLY, there is young John Cutting, who is engaged to Sylvia, and who came down from town to interview the great Egyptologist on the night of the murder. He says he went back by the last train; but the police naturally have their doubts about that. Some valuable jewellery has been missing from Mrs. Carruthers' house since her death, and John Cutting is known to be a journalist, and, therefore, must be chronically hard up. A little later John Cutting is seen by a detective to stoop and pick up from behind a hanging curtain a small blue stone image, which is at once identified as having quite recently belonged to Mrs. Carruthers. Obviously Cutting is the man to arrest, since he has been caught red-handed with part of the booty upon him.

BUT at this point Mrs. Latter declares it was she who stole the blue image from Mrs. Carruthers, because it recalled to her bitterly tragic memories. It seems that in the East she had been brought up by mercenary foster-parents who designed ultimately to sell her as a white slave to what would appear to be somewhat appropriately called the "Blue Houses of the East." It was at that time that Mr. Latter fortunately came along and rescued her from the appalling fate by which she was threatened. Since then, the sight of any ornament in blue makes her see red, as it were, and she feels bound at all costs to try to steal the offending thing and destroy it. This is all very well, of course, but all the same we put a pencil tick against Mrs. Latter's name on the programme, feeling that our first suspicions have been more than justified.

THEN quite a strange thing happens. From behind a hanging curtain beside the electric-light switch an arm appears to be moving stealthily. The arm is undoubtedly that of Mr. Latter himself, because it is still covered by the shawl he habitually wears as he sits in his Creaking Chair. The light is out in a second, and we feel we are on the right track this time. In the darkness and confusion the creaking of the chair is distinctly heard as it moves away, along the corridor. And when the light is turned on again the Creaking Chair is wheeled back into the room—empty. So that is the "catch," is it? Mr. Latter has been pretending to be an invalid, and to be unable to move without his chair, so that he could cover his movements abroad after dark. Very ingenious; but this time we have obviously got our man. Unless he has had too long a start, and has made what is called in pure American a "good getaway."

BUT a few moments later, Mr. Latter comes staggering into the room, leaning partly on a crutch and partly on the arm of his man Angus, and calls loudly for his chair. It seems that the real criminal, in order to divert the scent of his pursuers, dragged Mr. Latter out of his chair, and locked him up in the cupboard under the stairs. Why don't the detectives arrest somebody and end the whole disgraceful business? What do we pay our taxes for, anyhow? It is all very mystifying, and as should happen in a play of this kind, the real culprit was about the one person of the crowd that we had not ticked off on the programme as being suspect.

MR. C. AUBREY SMITH plays the part of the chair-bound invalid with his usual quiet thoroughness; while Miss Tallulah Bankhead gives a quite remarkable representation of the hysterical girl-wife from the East. Mr. Nigel Bruce is the very canny Scotch manservant, who gets most of the laughs of the evening. Mr. Sam Livesey, as a burly detective whose methods are those of the Third Degree, is very diverting; and his assistant, Mr. Matthew Boulton, is delightfully funny, and it's no use saying he isn't, to quote his stock method of explanation. Quite a fascinating play, well-calculated to mystify the most alert of our amateur detectives. JINGLE

Some Se

The Parasol Peck . .
This kiss requires some confidence and a deft touch. Is generally resorted to on crowded beaches and, when delivered with adroitness and precision, is pleasantly refreshing.

"The Salute Tent-ative"
Is a mild but gently stimulating kiss with a delicately enticing flavour. Might be described as a "Kiss Aperitif."

"The P
A
but
F
fla

—And a Fe

A Cabaret Quarte

MISS IMOGENE NILSEN

The quartette pictured above is an average sample of

e from the U.S.A.

MISS GILDA GRAY

Alfred Cheney Johnston and Ira D. Sch...

MISS IRENE DEFROY

Players, it looks as though it will be many moons before the Youth of America is "driven from home"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

CHORUS-TIME IN COVENTRY STREET

The chorus in the Cabaret show at the Café de Paris making their initial entrance. Martin Broones, at the piano, introduces them in song as they advance over the circular floor

THE CULT OF THE CABARET

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

V.—CAFÉ DE PARIS

WHAT vistas of pleasant Parisian memory these three words open up to all travelled Englishmen. Those semi-circular doors at the corner where the Rue Danou cuts into the Avenue de l'Opéra, and the world-famous atmosphere which lies behind them—rather *risqué* brilliance, ritual of service, perfect food and gorgeous gowns. The Café de Paris in Paris stands quite alone in its own particular sphere. It is interesting to see these well-known words winking suddenly in coloured lights in the night maelstrom of London. The travelled man of whatever nationality is at once intrigued. But the wanderer in the West who knows his London, and watches it shift and change with the seasons, seeing "Café de Paris" in *that* particular spot in Coventry Street, remembers . . . many things; and turns in at once to investigate.

Here stood, in the days of our Empire greatness and our Alhambra balletdom, the naughty little, stuffy little Globe Restaurant, wherein we committed now mercifully forgotten indiscretions, and spent more money than we could afford in sparkling, albeit dubious environment. No supping *clientèle* would endure nowadays the fetid atmospheres of those purple nights—we have become extremely particular and respectable in our post-war youth! When the dynasty of the Globe was overthrown, the rebuilt Elysée reigned in its stead, a characterless place which aspired to greatness and achieved only flat mediocrity.

Thence it was but a step to the inspiration of a Café de Paris, on a historic site, reeking with association, but purged now, as they all are, of clandestine companies. They have every natural advantage here in the way of modern structure, lighting and decorative effect. There is a subtle charm about a circular restaurant. It is "cute," as Americans would say, in that nobody feels ill-placed at an end of the room. One is *au milieu du monde* wherever one sits. Add to this a gallery running all round whence the man who does not want to dress can dine and stare down into the pit of glazed opulence, and an enterprising management has at least got an auspicious start in the cabaret *concours*.

They have got something else here. They have got a staircase, a very regal and imposing staircase, down which the perfectly frocked woman, and the terribly self-conscious male escort can make the late grand entry, so dear to some women's hearts. If you want to get into the searchlight beam of public approbation or condemnation (this depending entirely upon the enterprise of your dressmaker) walk slowly down the winding stairs of the Café when they have turned the limes on for the cabaret. I need not enlarge upon the agony of this to the male, nor of its ecstacy to the female reader. That the latter have grasped the opportunity offered by this moment is evidenced by the number of people who have most cleverly worked out the time of late arrival to the exact minute of glaring publicity. To the man one need only say that this is the moment when the suspicion about your obsolete dress coat being really green with age is cruelly confirmed.

If you dine here, and the delectable habit of so doing seems to be growing upon quite a number of night-lighters, you will do so in peace and quietness, relieved by a spacious dance or two between courses. Personally, it appeals to me to be able to dance, untouched, during dinner and to look from a sofa seat when not doing so across an only partially occupied floor, in a distinctly staid and peaceful atmosphere of cerise pink, French-grey and biscuit-coloured decorations. The band moons and croons along deliciously, until such time as the Café begins to wake up.

The waking-up business is due to our growing penchant for starting life at 11.30 p.m. instead of finishing it then, much to the voluble disgust of our gouty old elders, and to a sudden change of orchestra. The band at this night-light which appears round about 11 o'clock asserts itself upon the assembling company in no uncertain voice. It seems to say, "Now, come along, gentlemen, these ladies of yours want to dance." The saxophones scold the sluggard towards the floor from the intimate sofas round the walls. And when they have got the whole boiling on the move as is right and proper, they relinquish the reins of government for the moment and the Cabaret bursts upon you.

It bursts upon your admiring eyes in rather an original manner. It is called through the parting curtains in song by Martin Broones at the piano, one by ravishing one. This young American made something of a name for himself at the Mayfair Club in songs of his own composition, and particularly in what I always thought rather a stupid song about his not worrying over "two Sweeties, three Sweeties, four Sweeties"—as if one at a time wasn't enough to harass most men! He should remember that fame is an ephemeral gift at the best of times, and that if you don't go on trying very hard you will soon fall back again into obscurity. He may take this hint. On the other hand he may not. It does not matter much either way.

Then, of course, we have our old and ever-welcome friends, the two dancers, Ted Trevor and Dina Harris. It always puzzles me how Ted Trevor keeps the immaculate shape of his perfect collar and shirt front on a sweltering night throughout their very graceful, though very fast moving dance.

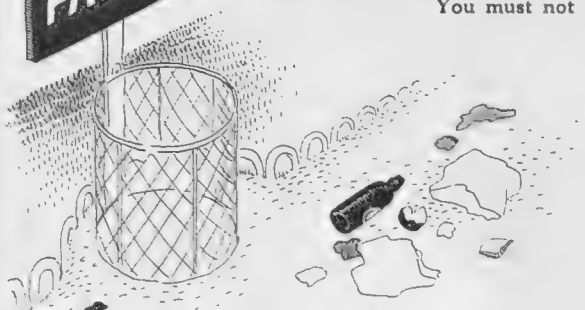
There is one man in this Cabaret show who gets all hot and bothered. He is a juggler, one Gaston Palmer by name. He conveys very adroitly in a glib French patter that he has never before manipulated, in Cinquevallian fashion, a billiard cue, a cigar, an umbrella, and a tall hat all at once, and that anything may happen in consequence. This sort of number is a refreshing change in a restaurant, especially when he begins to throw the house glasses and cutlery about to a point of impending and wholesale fracture. You hope he will break the whole dam lot, it would be such fun!—but, of course, he never does. They never do, these *prestidigitateurs*, and that is a name to conjure with after supper, isn't it?

The two Coons (if without offence one may so describe them), Layton and Johnstone, now playing here, came to London at the right moment. Theirs is a show unlike anything at present before the public. They are both musicians. They both have the "song spirit." Theirs are duets of a *café au lait* perfection. They infuse something new into the Kentucky stuff that we have all heard from our youth up. And when Johnstone with his white hair, coloured face, and perfectly cut evening clothes croons that plaintive song "What'll I Do?" already described in these pages, you feel that the summit of this sort of work has been reached. The picture of these two men is somehow entirely typical of present-day cabaret, as they appear there under the beam of the lime.

THE PROBLEM

1

You *will* forgive me, Mrs Bull,
And Mr. Bull, and Bert,
And Clara-Maud, and little John?—
I hope you won't be hurt.
Since I observe you starting out,
You're off to spend the day, no doubt.
You must not think me pert.



2

The morning's really nice and fine;
I think the glass will rise.
I rather judge, from this and that,
You take your own supplies?
With wholesome food upon the shelf
I like a paper bag, myself.
One *must* economize.

3

Your foresight and your fortitude
Amaze me, Mrs. Bull.
The way is very long and hot,
The hill's a nasty pull;
And still you gladly walk for miles
Through parks, and grounds, and over stiles;
And all the bags are full.

4

Yet when their airy forms are void
And scarcely weigh a gramme,
When all the food is gobbled up—
The pickled eggs, the ham,
The oranges and peppermints,
As much as you can cram—
I wonder why you find it hard
To bear a paper bag a yard?

By Hulcher

MOTLEY MUSINGS

If we start commenting on a certain case that is *sub judice*, Scotland Yadil be on our track.

. . . . .

Recent events have not improved relations between Japan and U.S.A. As Sir Landon Ronald once phrased it: "Down in the Far East something stirred."

. . . . . .

The building strike is militating against Mr. Wheatley's schemes. Yet since the latter brought in his famous Bill, already thousands of houses have been put up—in price.

. . . . . .

An American wheat king is said to be responsible for the increase in the price of bread. The emblem of those manipulators is certainly not "the white flour of a blameless loaf."

. . . . . .

We read that a baby has just been christened "June Rose." Anyhow, we do not intend calling our next daughter "Harem Lily."

. . . . . .

"Revues are unfunny, fatuous folly," writes a correspondent. Well, well:

He does not lavish his applause
On what he deems to be unfunny;
I'm different; I do because
I like fool value for my money!

. . . . . .

"What do you think of this crepe de Chine, dear?"

"Oh, I think it's simply voile!"

A violent, denunciatory sermon, recently broadcasted from Berlin, is said to have shocked the receivers. Listeners-in rarely hear good of themselves.

. . . . . .

A statistician declares that our burglars are twice as dangerous since the War. Does he want to get back to the piping times of Peace?

. . . . . .

In a bookseller's catalogue before us we read, "Henlay's Poems." Why on earth doesn't the wretched fowl stick to her job?

. . . . . .

The answer is not "because she can't Sitwell."

. . . . . .

Uncle Remus had also been losing his fowls. Hearing a disturbance in his "run" one evening, he called out, "Who's in thar?" And a meek voice answered, "Nobody, 'cept us chickuns!"

. . . . . .

New York police have been busy raiding certain houses for liquor. Those who have been fined now realise the truth of the adage, "Be sure your bins will find you out"

Many a business man would like to retire, only his wife believes that it's never too late to earn.

. . . . . .

Smith Minor, fresh from his last general knowledge exam. writes to ask if we can tell him the colour of Queen Elizabeth's wedding dress.

. . . . . .

But it was Jones Secundus who, when asked to delineate a map of England, drew a triangle and wrote under it: "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"

. . . . . .

Four stokers were playing cards below decks. "Nap!" declared one of them, when a sudden explosion blew him to smithereens. Later, one of his companions collected the cards of the deceased one.

"It's just as well," he remarked to his mates after examining the hand, "*'E'd 'ave got it!*"

. . . . . .

"Faith," said the teacher, "is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. Can anyone give me an example?"

"Please, sir," said the bright boy of the form, "cottage-pie!"

. . . . . .

In these times of picnics and mosquitoes, we can truthfully say, "All is gnat gold that bit us."

"Do you think Phyllis is pretty?"

"Pretty! Why she's got legs like a forked radish, and her neck recalls Saul's dream of the seven years of famine."

. . . . . .

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS

[The writer recently interviewed the oldest inhabitant of a Sussex village.]

"You are old, Father William," I said to the sage :
"You are ninety, I'll wager my hat :
Yet you're looking remarkably fit for your age :
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," Father Will replied, wagging his head,
"I married the best gal abo...
And I worked mighty hard to induce her to wed :
And since then I have never d... nowt!"

"You are old, Father Will," I remarked, "it is clear
That you can't have much money to spend :
Yet I notice you've always got plenty of beer :
Now how do you manage, my friend?"

"It is true," the old fellow replied with a wink,
"That I haven't got much of a screw :
So I don't go a-wasting my money on drink,
'Cos it's stood me by gents such as you!"

"You are old, Father Will," I went on, "but alas!
You have got one deplorable vice :
For you give the glad eye to the girls as they pass :
Do you think at your age that is nice?"

"In my youth," he replied, "for my morals, my son,
I nightly would pray on my knees :
But now that I'm perfectly sure that I've none,
I shall do as I jolly well please!"

HARTLEY CARRICK

BY TREVER EVANS

A TALE OUT OF SCHOOL

"Sorry, old thing, but the exchequer won't run to a 'do' at Wembley to-morrow. I should be fed to the teeth if it meant taking the Pater"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER

CITY MAN: "Congratulations! I hear your wife has just presented you with another rebate on your Income Tax"

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"And told him to multiply a thousand"

MES AMIS—

I HAVE had many peculiar requests from Bystanders during the time I have been deputed to watch over their interests in Paris, but never have I sustained anything so perturbing as a commission just received from a Hampshire man to buy him a parrot. *Je suis desolé*, cheery son of Hants, for I truly like to be helpful, but this dreadful deed cannot be done. You had reckoned without Marcel the *malin*. He would creep behind me all the way to the bird shops at the Pont Neuf, then make rude sketches which he would sell at fifty centimes each, and I should have no redress, for poet's licence in England is nothing to artist's licence in Paris. I have already had to submit more than enough to the terrors of that pencil and the peril of being pictured along with a parrot is more than I have the courage to face.

Your idea about learning the correct pronunciation of French from a French parrot certainly has points, but I don't know that it is altogether to be recommended. It reminds me of the Turkish caddies on that funny golf course near Constantinople. They have picked up the only English they know from soldier and sailor golfers, and when they ejaculate "Dambadshot" it becomes rather embarrassing. A Paris parrot would be likely to have undue fondness for the mysteriously effective oath that nearly landed the actress Cora Laparcerie in gaol when she hurled it at the head of a Rouen policeman, and told him to multiply it by a thousand.

A NEW discovery has been announced—just in time to furnish a novel interest for the holidays. It seems that it is now possible to divine character from the shape of the foot. Rather useful for those who strike up an "acquaintance" during holidays and wonder about the advisability of pursuing it. It is claimed to be infallible by the discoverers, those genial gentlemen, the *pedicures*. That may or may not be true, but even if you do not take it over-seriously, it provides a new amusement for the beach in the *heure du répos* after the bathing. And that, of course, is really the only time you will have the opportunity of appraising your acquaintances' feet, for you can scarcely ask them to take off their shoes anywhere else, even if they have not heard of the new Paris science and you put up some excuse, like being an admirer of beauty's pedestals.

ANYHOW, given the occasion to view, here are some of the points on which to base your estimates. A large heel is a sign of indolence and nonchalance Flee from the large heel unless you are the owner of a Rolls-Royce, and have unlimited wherewithal. An unduly large big toe indicates violence. Retreat from the large big toe unless you have an unduly larger one. A big toe which separates itself from the other toes reveals criminal tendencies. 'Ware separatist movements. Toes which curve back avow an amorous temperament. As this is a holiday "study," I need waste no advice about curve-back toes. A high instep denotes an independent character and strength of will.

"Kicking the office-boy"

"Admirers of beauty's pedestals"

I AM particularly interested in this last indication, being one of those numerous silent men who, contrary to the affirmations of Miss Ethel Dell, do not find that everyone immediately recognises the immense strength that is hidden behind the silence-veil. I begin to see hope in this high instep, which I shall now parade in sandals. And if parading fails, kicking the office-boy hard seems to be an easy way of impressing force of character, now that we know that character is in the feet. But one must restrain one's force.

Taking the Waters—Deauville Style

SOME HOLIDAY SNAPSHOTS FROM A FASHIONABLE PLAGE

MAKING A SPLASH

This picture falsifies once and for all the calumny that no bathers ever get wet at Deauville

COCK TAIL-AND-SHRIMP TIME

A walk on the front for two very good reasons—to admire and be admired

Photographs

MIXED BATHING

Fashion's decree for the latest bathing costume for wolfhounds has not ordained a monogram—yet

Keystone

LOOKING AFTER A LEAP

A universal way of keeping warm after the bathe, which finds considerable favour on the beach at Deauville

of character according to the size of the office-boy. He may have bigger feet.

Two of our novelists who know much more about women than women know about themselves have become rather cross with their "material." I don't know if they think women ought to have been "improved" by reading their books or whether they are adopting Mr. Bernard Shaw's method—the more you rate your public the better they like you. Whatever the explanation, Marcel Prevost, the discoverer of the *Demi-Vierge* and the *Don Juanes*, and Victor Margueritte, the inventor of the *Garçonne*, have been employing somewhat violent language about the women of to-day. Marcel Prevost is all upset about women's slavery to fashion, which seems a strange thing to become upstage about so tardily, as this "slavery" is admitted to have been in existence some few thousand years. M. Prevost has been recognised as a kind of spiritual uncle by two generations of French girls, and it looks hardly in order for him to raise the issue quarrelsomely or querulously, now.

"He would creep behind me"

He contends that this "slavery" is a proof of woman's inferiority to man, for while men have for two centuries liberated themselves completely from fashion's trammels, women still voluntarily accept the chains and bow before the divinity of *La Mode*, with an utter disregard of sense or reason. There is some justification for the uncle of Françoise's gibe that the "divinity" which commands woman to stick her heel on little stilts at the risk of spraining her ankle, or to compress herself with instruments of torture just as her great-grandmother used to wear absurd adjuncts, is not an 'ocracy of celebrated painters, poets, or sculptors, but a doubtful collection of tradesmen whose aim is not the perfection of beauty but the invention of costly fads.

But I, for one, cannot accept that self-sufficient claim about men having liberated themselves. What about the scraggle-legs who make themselves monstrous in plus-fours? And a dapper young man recently told me I ought to purchase different dance-shoes while in London, as those I was wearing obviously revealed that I was over from Paris. As if one would not be proud of being from Paris, shoes and all. No, I think M. Prevost is rather straining the truth about this masculine liberation.

As for Victor Margueritte, he is fathoms deep in gloom because, he says, women no longer know how to love. That, of course, would be serious for those of us who like to be loved if it were true, but I think the vision of Victor is as much awry as the moralising of Marcel is lop-sided. Margueritte asserts that nowadays women only worship their 'precious ego'—which apparently means, love themselves through others—and that for them love is as mechanical as a breathing exercise. I have a certain cure for the sorrows of Margueritte. He should go to Wembley and seek solace with the sirens from the suburbs. They'd "larn" him. Mechanical? Not there. Victor, not there.

René

EAST AND WEST

The Maharajah of Kapurthala and his daughter the Ranee of Mandhi greeting their guests at a Garden Party which they held recently in Paris

Unsown "Tears"

ANGELINA TORE HER SKIRT

BELINDA GOT THE IDEA

AND UNDID A BUTTON

CECILIA THOUGHT IT LOOKED FRIGHTFULLY VULGAR —

AND UNDID TWO

DIANA PUT HER BUTTONS FURTHER BACK

AND EUPHEMIA PUT THEM HIGHER UP

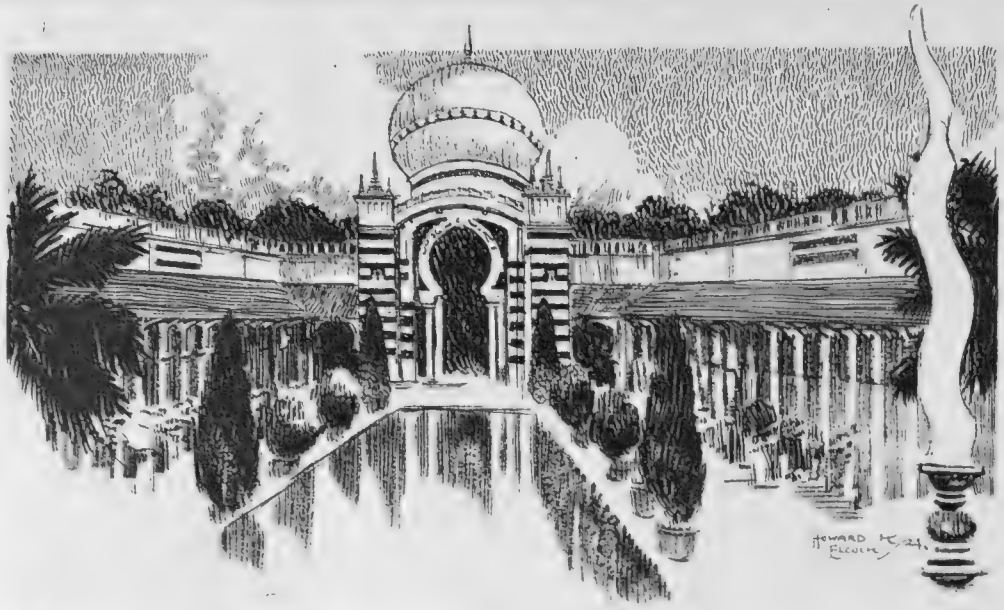
FINELLA DIDN'T HAVE ANY BUTTONS

NOW GUESS WHAT GLORIANA'S GOING TO DO !

F.C. Boyle

BY F. C. BOYLE

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SPLIT SKIRT



INKLINGS OF EMPIRE

MALAYA

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THERE is (if I may say so without disrespect) a charming air about the Malaya pavilion of having been constructed out of sugar-stick. Its striped minarets are almost too good to be true. You feel that you want to break off a piece and munch, schoolboy-fashion. There is a hint of fairyland about the architecture; not the dreamy fairy world of Golden Burma, but the quaint gnome-like country of elves and animated toys. A narrow courtyard holds a long water-lilied pool, from which you expect the Frog Prince of the fairy-tale to pop up at any moment. A tiled arcade gives shelter from sun or shower — chiefly shower when I go to Wembley—on either side of this magic pool, and its placid waters are guarded by jolly Noah's Ark trees and elaborately carved brass cannon-like little dragons.

The whole pavilion—domes, minarets and colonnades—is coloured in two alternating shades of yellow, and its strange lines and eccentric curves are infinitely pleasing to the eye of the wearied Londoner who can walk from Notting Hill Gate to the Bank without seeing anything architecturally stimulating. Inside the gorgeous main entrance more colours leap to the eye, yellow, red and black—black, red and yellow. Pillars, ceilings, curtains and draperies play a gay fantasia on these colours, like musical variations on a well-known tune. The usual group of fierce wild animals greets me in the entrance hall, but I am getting used to these guardian-beasts; I no longer fear the smile on the face of the tiger.

It pleases me to see the inner pillars supporting the main building made in the form of skilfully simulated palm-trees (complete with coconuts), not to mention a rubber tree, actually at work in the beneficent process of exuding liquid rubber. A more sinister feature is the exhibition of what might be called The Schoolboy's Nightmare—a cane five hundred and forty feet long. One pictures a look of evil glee flitting across some wicked form-master's face at the sight of it. For this is the land of the rattan, a country marked (as one might say) with the brand of cane.

A world of walking-sticks!

Walking-sticks, walking-sticks,
Growing up so high,
Slim ones, stout ones—
Who would like to buy?
Straight ones, crooked ones,
Knotted like an oak,
Some are rough and some are smooth—
Just like human folk.

Some to aid a gouty limb;
Some to lead the blind;
Some for teaching discipline
To the youthful . . . mind!
Some (I fear) with wooden heads,
Somewhat of a joke.
Sing a song of walking-sticks
Just like human folk.

So here's to the Malacca, long may it bend!

There is a set of panoramic views in miniature, which, if they lack the wide sweep and grandeur of the Canadian panoramas, yield to none in sheer beauty. There is a native hutment, palm-thatched and verandah-ed, logical evolution of the old tree-shelver. Before it stands the quaint native covered bullock-cart, like a Noah's Ark on wheels. Other titles (as they say) speak for themselves—"A Mosque by Moonlight" and "Dawn on the Mountain Pass." An exquisite vignette shows a Malayan mountain stream in the last glow of the sinking sun. The turbulent waters of the river are stained blood-red, and three sentinel palms stand darkly silhouetted in the background.

The variety of products shown is amazing; butterflies and buffaloes; fruit and fish (of Gargantuan sizes and kaleidoscopic colour-schemes; sago, tapioca and rice. There are (unfortunately) no statistics supplied as to the world's pudding-output, which, when you come to think of it, must be enormous. Malaya, we are told, produces a third of the world's tin and two-thirds of the world's rubber, but what of the world's puddings? What do they know of sago, who only plum-duff know? Malaya with her almost infinite resources of rice, sago and tapioca, must, I feel certain, lead the way. A proud thought!

"Coconut palms and easy chairs"

And lastly, my brethren, nowhere at Wembley is there such a goodly stock of comfortable cane-bottomed easy chairs as in the verandahs of the Malay pavilion. The Devil (we may suppose) designed the cane for the acute discomfort of youth, but an all-wise Providence has turned that vehicle of pain into seats of ease, comfort and security. Truly the gods are good to us!

A. A. THOMSON

"A variety of native products"

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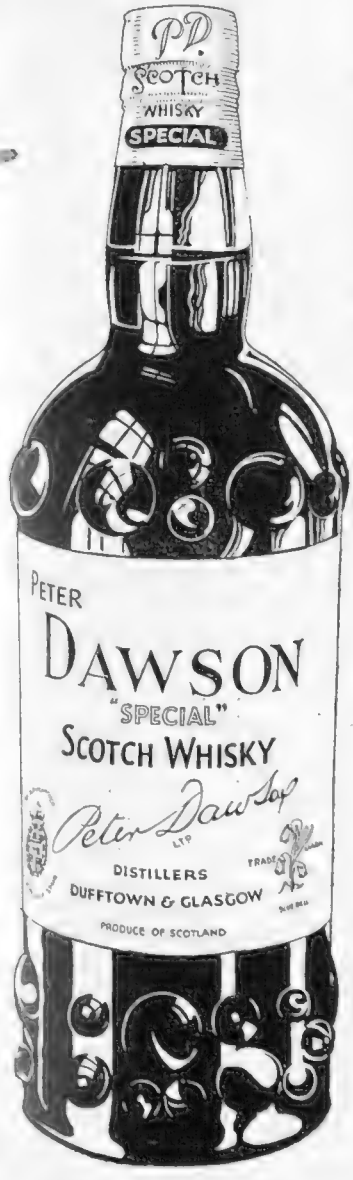
GENUINE friendships are as rare as genuinely old whisky and should be pledged appropriately with Peter Dawson.

Time and no other process has aged "P.D". Time has nurtured it, mellowed it and matured it. Time has found its excellence, time has brought it fame.

The Whisky you can't drown

Your friends will be outspoken in their praise of "P.D", particularly when it is mixed with soda-water, for this is a true test of quality. The rare Highland malts in the famous "Peter Dawson" blend cling obstinately to their individuality, and the fine flavour of "P.D" though it may be drenched can never be quenched.



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London Office : 29-30, Tower Hill, E.C.

"P.D" is obtainable at all bars and restaurants throughout the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

IN HOLIDAY LAND

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE.*

"The cross-nibbed variety"

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA,
August 11

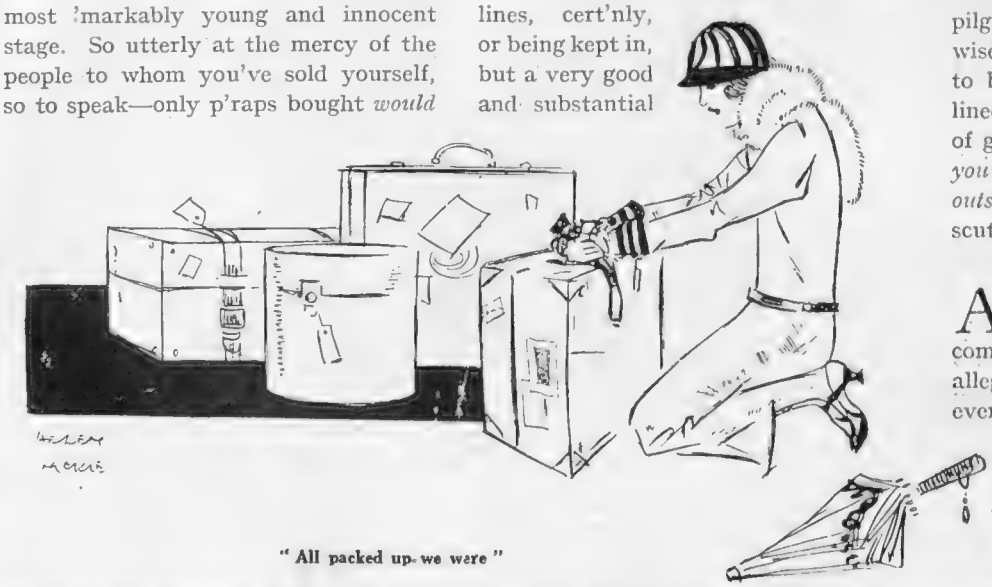
DEAR COUSIN—

JUST a line from here in Holiday-Land just to boast with proper pride 'bout the latest discovery in holiday-places—and hasn't really been any quite so great and joyous form of arrogance ever hit on or discovered yet, has there? If the hotel writing-room (so-called) will allow me to perform aforesaid epistolary function, that is. Peculiarity of which (shared with most others *I've* met of the genus, species or kind) being a 'plete absence of writing-paper, envelopes *and* pens, save the cross-bred cross-nibbed variety, with perfectly good greyish-white ink to match.

BUT that's, after all, only one of the joys of this strange, exotic, altogether *diff'rent* holiday life, isn't it? The simply 'straordin'ry importance of trifles, I mean, and the way quite ord'nary tiny little affairs simply imprint themselves on your mind, just as if you were at school again, or, anyway, in a most 'markably young and innocent stage. So utterly at the mercy of the people to whom you've sold yourself, so to speak—only p'raps bought *would* be rather a better and correcter word. Depending on 'em—just like the infants or animals of mere commonplace life—for not only pens and paper, but meals and lodgment and amusement and all the rest.

WHEREIN and at which point I s'pose we have truly and fundamentally discovered one of *the* great and principal secrets of the whole odd and miraculous thing. The secret of the recovery of lost youth, to wit. And ho, the restfulness of it all! No more plans or engagement books or ordering food or buying fresh frocks and hats from day to day and minute to minute. All packed up, we were, to begin with, and strictly limited to the so many day, afternoon and evening frocks that we 'riginally allotted ourselves. (Of course, there *are* cowards and cravens who go shopping quite seriously in Holiday-Land too, but that isn't quite the game, is it, now?)

ARRIVED then with our school trunks, we're properly put to school right away and kept there till the very last moment of our stay, when we return to the so-called prison-house once more. Meals all fixed, for one thing. Little cards hanging about in odd spots to tell us that breakfast will be served at 9 and lunch at 1 and tea at 4 and dinner at 7.30. And you've got to be there to time, mark you, or simply frightful things'll happen. No, not lines, cert'nly, or being kept in, but a very good and substantial chance of missing the soup and fish, or, at the very least, distinctly 'aughty looks from management and staff, if you're late by even a mere quarter of an hour or twenty minutes or so.



"All packed up we were"

ALSO, some struggle, let me add, for the morning bath. No lazing along luxuriously to your own special private little washing apartment, *comme chez soi*, and dingle-dangling the bath salts in at your leisure and wallowing in hot water up to the brim and loofahing and showering till the precise moment of perfection is reached—even,

"Winds and storms"

p'raps, otiose and perfumed powdering thereafter, ere the bedroomwards pilgrimage begins. No, *non*, and likewise *nienti*. Short, sharp, hurried sallies to bathroom door, frantic and underlined rattlings of handle thereof, a sense of guilt while the taps are running for *you* (rattlings being continued now from *outside*), a splash and a dash and a scuttle for home. . . .

AND then, breakfast over (and what a well-nigh incredible one at that) cometh the general assembly in the alleged lounge (so named 'cos no one ever really lounges there), where we gather in knots and arrange the plans, or, anyway, some of 'em, for the day. 'Cos, after all, one of *the* chief beauties of Holiday-Land is that no one fixes up anything more

than at a maximum 'bout two or three hours beforehand. And *then* you can always change at the last moment if you want to, seeing that everyone else, too, is doing the childlike stunt and surrounded by oceans of leisure on every side, like a sort of kind of holiday island.

A FOURSOME on the links? Well and good. In Town, I suppose, we should worry fearf'ly about handicaps, and so on, but here in Holiday Land it doesn't seem to matter one little bit, and Threes cheerfully partner 'emselves with Sixteens, and Twenty-fours don't in the least mind being put down to play with Eights. Someone's got a car? Hurrah! So we drive 'stead of walking—but no one takes a caddie 'cept the man who bought an M.C. and D.S.O. and one or two other things in the late War at the price of a perfectly good leg.

'S DEATH (said she, Elizabethanly), but it's almost too woundily lovely. Even if the storms storm and the winds most bitterly blow. It matters not. We in Holiday Land have no rules and regulat[illegible] save those hard and fast ones about [illegible]eals and things that the hotel p[illegible] lay upon our shoulders. Being (on[illegible]more) children, we are quite mor[illegible] less irresponsible. All the dogs [illegible] along and bark—and I don't bla[illegible]'em, either. And then comes the r[illegible] for towels, the bask in such sunsl[illegible] as a Good Providence provides, th[illegible]dressing, and 'bove all, the lighting [illegible] that first divine cigarette when, wash[illegible] clean and free from all mere world[illegible] things, we start facing (holiday) life once more.

Après ça, lunch. Lunch, beautiful ravenous lunch. The little more, and how little it is. Fresh arrivals. How we gaze round, superiorly. Is it possible, really, that such people can exist? Not that 'smatter of fact it counts, their existing, seeing that we shall be let out of school (alas!) in three weeks, or four or more, and never see 'em again D.V. upon this earth. But 'tween whiles it does somehow seem most awfully important. And quite a burning prob. why and how they all somehow seem to perform such quite 'markable athletics with tooth and tongue 'tween the courses. . .

THEATRES, tho' there's eight of 'em or so shut up, seem to be doing quite exc'lently well, what with all the Dominion and other visitors now over here, who don't care a Continental, 'parently, for any of our slavish rules and regulations of the social sort. New cabarets and things going strong, too, like the one at the Piccadilly, and there's a big air race for the King's Cup to-morrow as ever is. 'Sides, of course, the mere ordinary Twelfth, when the crack of the rifle is heard once more on the moors—as a writer once put it—and we all wrap ourselves in the most businesslike tweeds and things, that'll defy the thorniest of bushes and the very piercingest of fish-hooks—fishing being more or less thrown in as a sport of the moment, so to speak.

AND they're inventing nice new unemployment schemes, and the Bright Young People have got the kibosh, and there's a Bishop just been appointed who doesn't b'lieve in Adam and Eve—so they seem to be getting a move on even outside Holiday Land, don't they?

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"The Piccadilly"

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

I HAVE no means of knowing to what places BYSTANDER readers go for their holidays, but whether they be yachting, or exploring, or (when the day comes) shooting, or just sitting quietly in a garden or on a beach, rumour hath it that in the matter of books they require "something light." And it does just happen that Professor Stephen Leacock—that erudite oconomist (political)—or his publisher, has chosen this time to put forth his new and (naturally) epoch-making work, *The Garden of Folly: A Picture of the World We Live In* (Lane: 5*s.* net).

⁂

NOW, being a conscientious reviewer, I almost invariably make a practice of *reading* a book before I pronounce on its merits. You may say that this is an entirely supererogatory act on my part, but I believe it to be highly commendable. A new Leacock, however, requires something more than a mere reading—it requires a concentrated study, or something of that kind—and I admit that as yet I have only had time to glance at one or two of its pages. The glance, nevertheless, has been sufficient, and although I shall shortly be reviewing the Professor's book in the very serious mood which its contents (of the utmost importance, I can see, to all right-minded citizens) will assuredly induce, I feel bound to mention the work here at the top of my list of holiday books. As befits a professorial production, the book is an uplifting one; it will guide you towards all those big things of life which you have probably been missing; and it will, it *must*, send you home a wiser and more successful and *better* citizen than you were. Enough.

⁂

OF jolly novels there are not a few. And first there is a new Snaith. Of late years Mr. J. C. Snaith has subtly altered his methods. His earlier stories, it may be, had an "importance" which the later ones lack, but you may legitimately ask: What is "importance" in a novel? To invent a frolic is not, I am told, the best way of interesting the high-brows, but who wants to interest them, particularly in August? If, however, you happen to want a wholly joyous affair to read about, expounded in the most entertaining fashion, read *Time and Tide* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and, incidentally, improve your knowledge of real American slang. Mr. Snaith's story of a little "hick" of a girl from way-back, making good amongst British lords and ladies is a joy.

⁂

THEN I suggest your reading *The Two Strange Men* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by J. Storer Clouston. That very pleasing lunatic of his does not reappear in this story, but in his place there is a delicious Uncle Rupert, whose adventures are of the kind with which too few heroes meet with in these days. It is not pleasant to be obliged to give your word of honour that both you and your nephew will go to a certain house on a certain day for the sole purpose of being killed in a particularly nasty way, but that is what happens to Uncle Rupert for a start. What happens afterwards is even more unpleasant, but I shall not give the plot away beyond saying that the final scene between the gallant Uncle and his enemies (not all of whom are men) has an air about it which should put you in a good temper with yourself, even if the rain shows no inclination of going south towards Spain.

⁂

LORD GORELL'S novels very fortunately cannot be classified. He is not one of those writers who invariably tell the same kind of story. His new book, *Plush: A Romance of the House of Lords* (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), has a holiday air about it. There may be a hint of serious things lurking somewhere in the background, but for the most part it is light. It contains an old idea which is treated in a new and agreeable fashion. When young Bert, who works in a fishmonger's shop in the Hoxton district and belongs very decidedly to that ungeographical place known nowadays as "the left," becomes by right of birth a real lord with a real seat in Parliament, you imagine that he will go the way of most Bolshies when fame and a fortune become theirs. But Lord Gorell has a much more original scheme to work on. His Bert becomes a peer right enough, but the fortune does not come with the title. He makes one speech in the House of Lords—admirably, if incorrectly, reported in Hansard—but afterwards his affairs do not progress in the usual story-book way. *Plush* is a charming little experiment in fiction which you will like.

⁂

AND then there is George A. Birmingham's new fantasia, with ex-Kings and Grand Duchesses and a nice Irish gentleman and an exceedingly nasty Communist fellow who is supposed to be governing an unhappy Balkan State. *The Grand Duchess* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is just the sort of light-hearted frolic that you have come to expect from its author. In Dravidia, it would seem, the possession of the crown is all-important, and the crown has been lost. The only clue as to its whereabouts is contained in a bad Latin hexameter scratched on a cross by the Head of the Dravidian Church after his "trial" for treason. The hexameter contains a peculiar word, but what "Satigia" means you must find out for yourself. As for the Grand Duchess herself, she is immense, and her language would, surely, have pleased that ambitious schoolboy who began his first essay in fiction with the immortal sentence: "'Hell,' said the Duchess, who had hitherto not joined in the conversation."

R. S.

A MAN OF LETTERS By JAY

The Saloon at Blenheim Palace.

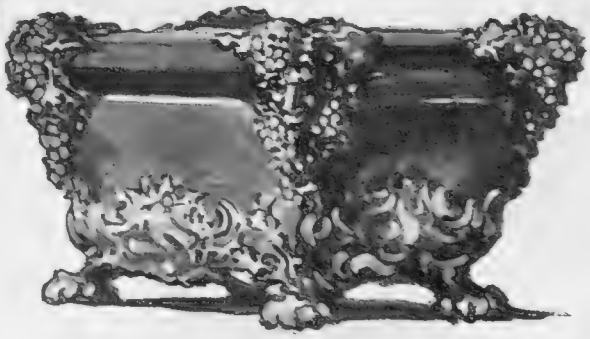
A Nation's Gift

SUBSTANTIALLY, indeed, was national gratitude expressed to Marlborough after his great victory at Blenheim. The royal estate of Woodstock, together with Blenheim Palace, which cost over £500,000 to erect, was the reward for his brilliant generalship.

As an example of early 18th century classic architecture Blenheim is without parallel. The exterior is most imposing in appearance, but the true proportions of the building can better be realised on visiting the magnificent State apartments.

Typical of the whole interior is the temple-like Saloon with its richly painted ceiling and walls. The graceful Corinthian columns empanel ingenious paintings giving an impression of open windows through which figures of all nations look down. On either side of this Saloon the State rooms stretch, making, through the open doors, a vista of 300 feet from end to end.

It is interesting to note how here at Blenheim the hand of time has mellowed down and given delicacy to the somewhat heavy details of Sir John Vanbrugh's work, an action of age not by any means confined to buildings. John Haig Scotch Whisky is world-famed for a mellowness which only maturity can give. It is made by the oldest Distillers in the world—1627.



An interesting specimen of an old wine cooler. Period about late 17th Century.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

By Appointment.

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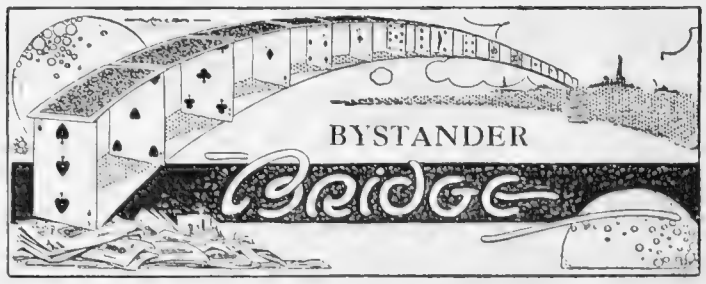

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

SYMMETRY IN CARD HOLDING

Some weeks ago, in commenting on a hand, I referred to the symmetry of the cards and promised to say something further on this interesting subject.

Every one who is observant realises that when one player has a freak hand—say, eight, nine or more of a suit—it is highly probable that the cards in the other hands are unevenly distributed and that at least one other player has a suit of eight or nine. It is also a matter of common observation that if one player has a singleton or is bare in a suit, another at the table has a singleton or Chicane in another suit. To test this deal yourself out a hand, say, of eight Spades, one Heart, two Diamonds and two Clubs. Then deal the remaining thirty-nine cards.

. . . . . .

Mr. Ely Culbertson, who is reported to be one of the best and most successful Bridge players at the Whist and Knickerbocker Clubs of New York, has for several years been studying this question of symmetry, and has evolved a theory which he describes as the "Law of Symmetry in Suit Declaration."

First of all, it is necessary to know what suit types are most likely to occur in any specified hands in a specified deal. The distribution is: Four, four, three, two. Five, three, three, two. Five, four, three, one.

Regarding these three as "normal" distributions of the cards, there are two others which are almost normal: Five, four, two, two. Four, three, three, three. Distributions of an "abnormal" type are: Six, three, two, one. Six, four, two, one. Six, three, three, one. Five, five, two, one. Four, four, four, one.

. . . . . .

The Culbertson theory is explained by Mr. Wilbur Whitehead in the *Auction Bridge Magazine*, published in New York. Briefly it is this:

In a given deal each suit distribution tends to be paralleled by another similar distribution, and the vertical tends to parallel the horizontal distribution. By "vertical distribution" is meant the distribution of a *hand* and by "horizontal," the distribution of a *suit* among the four hands.

Assume a player holds the following hand:

S—A, K, 10, 9, 7, 6, 3. D—J; 7.
H—K, 9, 4. C—2.

According to the theory he is justified in assuming that inasmuch as the vertical distribution of his hand is seven, three, two, one, the distribution of the Spades is seven, three, two, one. That is to say, the outstanding six Spades are divided three, two and one against him, and not two, two and two.

. . . . . .

Mr. Whitehead writes: "I have tested this theory and found it to operate with an amazing degree of precision." He gives examples of hands from which the Declarer could deduce by the Culbertson theory alone the actual distribution of the four suits and the four hands. "All this," says Mr. Whitehead, "is most amazing, and I wonder if the time will come when players will have so trained their minds as to be able to make these and other vital deductions within the time limit of actual play. If this time ever comes it will usher in a new era of Auction, one that will make our present game seem child's play."

. . . . . .

Now all this may sound very alarming to the average player, but it is not nearly so formidable as it looks. Judging by the few experiments I have made I should imagine that the theory does not pan out with absolute accuracy. The day has not yet arrived when the Declarer, however clever, can place the distribution of the suits as if he could see through the back of the cards. But the theory is interesting and suggestive. Its practical value for those who do not aspire to mathematical feats is to make them think about the probable distribution of the cards when bidding.

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition—No. IV

Problem No. II (Second Week)

(This Competition started last week when the rules were given)

Score: Game all. A; B 20 in rubber game. Z deals and bids "One Spade." A "One No-trump," Y and B "No bid." Z holds—

S—Q; J; 10, 8; 7. H—A; 5, 2. D—8, 4. C—A; J, 3.

(*a*) What should Z say?

Score: Y; Z love. A; B game and 16. Z deals and bids "One Heart." A "Two Diamonds." Y holds

S—A, K; Q. H—4, 3. D—Q, 9, 6, 3; 2. C—A; Q, 2.

(*b*) What should Y say?

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "One No-Trumps." A holds—

S—K; Q, J; 10, 6, 5; 2. H—2. D—none. C—K, Q, J, 9, 4.

(*c*) What should A say?

A WRITE TURN

By George S. Dixon

Dear Old Lady: "And which is the most difficult character to write?"
Sky-Writer: "Well, we have to fly upside down to make the inverted commas"

She was shuffling the cards rather energetically, and her hostess objected.

"I wish you would not shuffle like that. I always find that, if you do, the cards are no use *after six months.*

The young Etonian had been gazing with undisguised interest at his partner's brightly coloured tie. At last he leant across the table: "Are those Charterhouse colours you are wearing?" he inquired.

"No," snapped his partner. "Dr. Barnardo's."

The player who starts the bidding fourth in hand, unless he has a cast-iron declaration, I always regard as somewhat of a hero. He stands to bear all the blame if anything goes wrong, and to get no praise if everything goes right. For even in the latter case he is sure to be told "he was very lucky; and ought never to have opened the bidding."

Once you start you never can tell what nest of hornets you may bring about your head, and it is often amazing what bids will bob up.

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

MR. SOFER WHITBURN
An impression of the popular owner chatting with his jockey, Reggie Jones

The St. Leger

THE disturbing reports regarding the well-being of Sansovino which were current early last week served to remind us that the St. Leger is a much more open race than it promised to be after Lord Derby's colt had simply cantered away with the Derby. At that moment it seemed that the last of the season's classic races was going to be something of a cakewalk for the Derby winner. Since then, however, both Polyphontes and Salmon Trout have greatly increased their reputations, and nobody supposes that Sansovino, even at his best, will vanquish them so easily at Doncaster as he did at Epsom.

Two Improved Colts

IT will not be easy to make a choice between Polyphontes and Salmon Trout. There is absolutely nothing to choose between them on their form in the Derby. It is simply a question of which of the two has made the greater progress and which is the better stayer. I am rather inclined towards Salmon Trout, though I admit there is no really substantial reason why one should prefer him to Mr. Sol Joel's colt. It is just a matter of personal fancy. In any case, both of these cracks should be capable of extending Sansovino much more fully than they did in the Derby.

A Good Filly

THEN it is possible that all three will be beaten at Doncaster by Straitlace, who has done nothing but improve since she failed in the One Thousand Guineas. The more we see of this filly the better we like her. She ought to be at the top of her form in September, for is not that the "mare's month"? There may be one or two useful outsiders lurking in the background. The Manton stable, for instance, will surely have a good candidate in the field, though at present it is difficult to tell whether it will be Reggio, Leonardo, Hurstwood, St. Germans or Bright Knight. In any case it is good to know that we are in for a St. Leger well worth seeing.

This Week's Events

DURING the present week we shall have some fairly lively racing both north and south, though as a matter of fact these are the "dog days" of the season. Redcar is invariably a pleasant fixture, and they have a good programme. **Pharos** should win the North Sea Stakes on Wednesday. In the Redcar Handicap on the second day, I think **Dark Fox** will probably win. At Kempton Park I regard **Maid of Bath** as a likely winner of the Greenwood Handicap. We shall probably see **Margeritta** add to her successes in the International Plate. On Thursday I make **Cleone**, who scored so easily at Goodwood, my selection for the Princess Handicap.

By Appointment

Cider in Summer

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DOGGY "BEST-SELLERS"

WHAT THE FIGURES SHOW

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE East Kent Canine Society's Open Show at Folkestone to-day (Wednesday) promises well as do quite a string of provincial Shows fixed for the coming few days. The Alsatian League of Great Britain holds its first provincial Show for the increasingly popular and fashionable "Schafer Hund" (as many British owners in the B.A.O. Rhine still call the Alsatian) at Birmingham, on the 22nd and 23rd of this month.

It's pleasing to note that the steadily rising tide of interest in Dog-fancying is making itself felt to considerable purpose in Spain, where the Spanish Kennel Club is gradually winning over some of the most conservative fanciers in the world to the advantages (long appreciated in most other parts of Europe) of centralised organisation and guidance, in breeding and showing.

A reader of these Notes who has adopted with strikingly satisfactory results their suggestion that copies of a carefully prepared dietary sheet should accompany every puppy sent to a new home, writes:

"A correspondent in *Our Dogs* notes that many of the puppies he has sold 'go sick' on arrival in their new homes, and advises that, half an hour after arrival, the pup should be given a little olive oil; then warm bread and milk; and: 'The next meal should be given twelve hours later, and must consist of the same food the puppy is accustomed to.' H'm! *Imprimis*, there is an immense difference between the needs of the six weeks and the twelve weeks pup; and twelve hours is a long fast for the former. Secondly, the vital point is, does the new owner know precisely 'the food the puppy is accustomed to.' Kennelman's plan of the *dietary sheet with every pup sent out* is the only safe method."

Every issue of the *Kennel Gazette* is of value to Dog-lovers, but the latest number is specially important for its Breed Statistics for the six months ending June 30. The figures given are of Dogs registered at the K.C. only, of course (registration now costs only half-a-crown, and every decent Dog deserves it), and show totals for the first halves of 1922, 1923 and 1924.

Alsatians show triumphant progress: 362, 639, 1,104. Cockers, too: 841, 1,252, and 1,436, for the successive half years; and Pekingese, 1,335, 1,563, and 1,599, are very clearly not on the down grade. The following figures, of breeds that went down badly in the War—"The Rationing," as Dogs might be supposed to label that Barmecidal era—are very interesting: Mastiffs 15, 23, 29; Newfoundlands, 3, 3, 12; St. Bernards, 28, 30, 46; Bloodhounds, 39, 24, 61; Irish Wolfhounds, 26, 39, 40. Salukis were 32 in the first half of this year; no previous figures available. Basset Hounds, one grieves to record, were 4, 7, 2; and no more delightful pal can be found than this breedy miniature Hound. Pugs, Poodles, Yorkshires, West Highlanders, Collies, remain pretty steady. Maltese, Irish Water Spaniels, Dandies, Manchesters and Skyes are down, and so, too, as from last year, are Scotties. Airedales show 1,402, 2,085, 2,368; Wire-haired Fox, 2,154, 2,933, 3,226. Bulldogs have mounted from 540 to 700; Bull Terriers from 294 to 395; Cairns from 317 to 510; Kerry Blues from 112 to 299; Sealyhams from 917 to 1,209; and Irish Setters from 187 to 336.

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FEMINA

HOTEL BEDROOMS. By MRS. M. VINCE

Photograph MISS NORA SWINBURNE [*Sasha*

Who is to marry Mr. Francis Lister next Monday. They are playing the lovers in "In The Next Room," at the St. Martin's Theatre, and they also make occasional sorties into Filmland

THE ideal hotel bedroom is not very hard to imagine. Yet most actual hotel bedrooms have defects which anyone can see at once, of which every visitor is conscious, but which no one ever puts right. It makes one wonder if those who look after hotels ever stay in them as visitors.

I THINK it would really be policy for hotels to save on the gilt and mirrors of their halls and public rooms and to spend a little more on their bedrooms. You go up a staircase, all marble and magnificence, and the next moment are struggling with a wardrobe so cheaply made that its drawers will not open properly. The contrast only increases your irritation, and these ordinary discomforts of the hotel bedroom are none the less discomforts because one has to put up with them only for a short while.

I WAS staying in the spring in an hotel in an old English town, an hotel only less famous than the town itself, with its old panelled rooms and beautiful fireplaces. There was comfort as well as old oak in its sitting-rooms, but its bedrooms — furniture, beds and carpets—suggested a third-rate Bloomsbury lodging-house. In nearly all hotels there is, in greater or less degree, the same contrast, and the contrast is pointed by the fact that the bill goes with the marble staircase, or the old oak, rather than with the wardrobe that will not open.

THAT is the first thing for which one has the right to ask in an hotel bedroom—for furniture which, however simple, is well made. And what are the other essentials? That it should be furnished as a sitting-room, as well as a bedroom, yet, at the same time, that it should have as little furniture as possible, not only for one's own comfort in moving about and in packing, but because this makes it all the easier to get the third essential, which is that it should be clean.

OF the hotels that I know, the one in which the bedrooms come nearest the ideal is the big hotel in Stockholm. Here they are arranged so as to be bedroom, sitting-room and dressing-room in one. Each bedroom has double doors, and between them is a little vestibule, with hooks for hats and coats. On one side of this vestibule is a spacious hanging-cupboard for clothes, which has shelves broad enough to take not only bags and portmanteaux, but trunks as well. On the other side of the vestibule is a little dressing-room, with lavatory basins and hot and cold water. This dressing-room connects with the bedroom itself, not with the vestibule, and is divided from it by a curtain or door. These three little rooms, within the bedroom and taking up about a sixth of its space, add enormously to its comfort and convenience and make the furnishing of the room itself very simple. No wardrobe is needed, only a small chest-of-drawers. The dressing-table, in the room which I have in mind, was a small console table between the two windows, with a marble top and a tall mirror above. It is all that one needs for a short visit to an hotel.

THE things in an hotel bedroom which one is continually touching and using ought all to be readily washable. The armchairs in this room not only had linen covers for the back, as all hotel armchairs should have, but slips of linen on the arms, held very simply in position by double pins, like short hairpins with sharpened ends, put through them into the upholstery. The arrangement for the beds was even more satisfactory. It is the great defect of hotel bedrooms that eiderdowns and blankets cannot, like the sheets, be clean for each new guest. In this hotel the top sheet was double, made like a bag with the bottom end left open, and into this the eiderdown was slipped. This bag, like the ordinary bedclothes, tucked in all round the bed. Thus the outside as well as the inside was changed for each guest, and one touched nothing that was not clean. There were no blankets, but the same arrangement could easily be used with them.

EVEN this bedroom, however, had one defect—its wallpaper. It had no pictures, and in that it was right for it is impossible in an hotel to have good pictures in every bedroom. It is much better to have a decorative wallpaper, a good "all-over" design which makes pictures unnecessary, and if you hang anything at all on the walls, to have one or two mirrors.

WHERE the paper in this Swedish bedroom was wrong was that it had no real design, such as a large room without pictures required, and that it was grey, with white paint—very cold colours for an hotel bedroom in a place with such long and severe winters as Stockholm. One can see many wallpapers suitable for hotel bedrooms in the shops, but they never seem to appear in the hotels. Just as there are ornaments which seem to be made and sold exclusively for seaside lodgings, so there seem to be wallpapers of a peculiar unattractiveness, made exclusively for hotel bedrooms. Where hotel managers buy their wallpapers, and who advises them is one of the mysteries. M. V.

Photograph AT THE RECEPTION [*Van Ralte*

Mr. Lionel Tripp and his bride, formerly Miss Jean Gorrie Heggie, after their wedding at St. Nicholas' Church, Sutton. The bridesmaids who are ably supporting the bride—and the train—are the Misses Sheila and Margot Wickham, Miss Peggy Barker and Miss Joan Cook

Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power

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an often overlooked cause

No engine or moving part of a motor car can last for ever. The day must come when repairs will be needed. But the further off you can put that day the better. When your car is sent to the garage for overhaul does it occur to you that repairs may be made which are due entirely to the use of unsuitable oils?

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CAMERA NOTES

SEASHORE SNAPSHOTS

AN EAST COAST HARBOUR SCENE

Portraits on the Shore

ACCORDING to the best practice in photographic journalism, it is hardly correct to mention seaside photography without declaiming against the posed portraits and groups beloved of most holiday-makers. However, despite their camera-conscious air, such snapshots have a definite personal value as mementoes, and are certainly worth as much care on the part of the photographer as more ambitious subjects

Two frequent faults in such records are the presence of obtrusive figures in the background and an undue darkening in tone of sun-tanned features. However popular a resort, it is almost always possible to avoid including a crowd of unwanted figures, either by choosing a quiet hour or by walking some distance away from crowded portions of the beach. The degradation of flesh-tones is essentially a matter of colour values, to be remedied best by means of a panchromatic plate and light-filter; but, failing these, the effect may be minimised by exposing very liberally and avoiding strong contrasts in development and printing.

Stalking the Reveller

BY way of adding an extra interest it is well to lay oneself out to secure a series of unposed snapshots of one's friends taken while they, unconscious of the camera, are absorbed in their revels. Generally, moreover, this is the only possible way of dealing with children. For this purpose a small camera that can be handled very quickly and unobtrusively is required, and even with this it is often necessary to adopt the dodge of holding the camera pointing sideways, so that one appears to be taking a view in quite another direction. This operation presents little difficulty when the usual brilliant view-finder is available.

Harbour Scenes

HARBOUR scenes are frequently treated most successfully by taking a rather high view-point and including a wide foreground sheet of rippled water, thus including little, if any, sky. When, however, the subject requires the inclusion of much sky, the charm of the picture will depend in great part on the quality of the sky shown in the print; a blank expanse of white is not merely untrue to nature, but ruinous to the pictorial effect.

A few precautions that are of general application in seaside photography are to keep the camera carefully protected from damage by sand and water; to hold the camera as level as possible and to trim prints so as to avoid an inclined horizon, and to keep the lens, especially if it be one of wide aperture, as well shaded as possible from the abundant light reflected from the glaring expanses of sky, sea and shore. T. L. J. BENTLEY

The Drudgery of Developing

MANY an otherwise good snapshot is ruined by poor developing. Amateur photographers often prefer to leave this part, with all its trade tricks, to a good firm, and they can safely send their holiday snapshots to Will R. Rose, whose depôts are at 23, Bridge Street Row, Chester, and at 134, High Street, Oxford.

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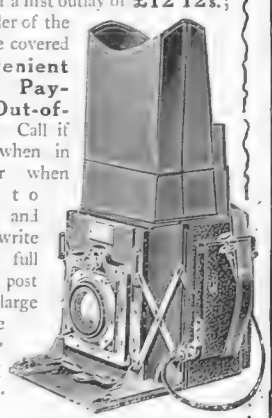

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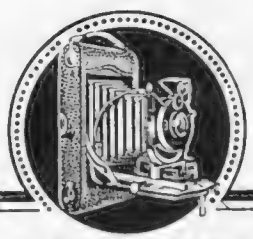

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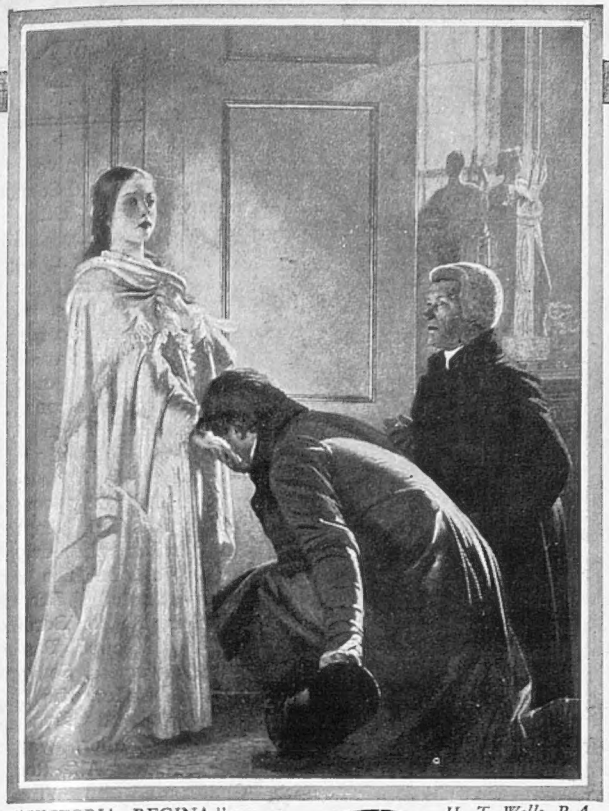

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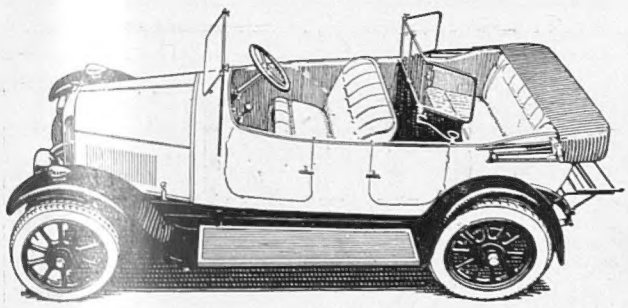

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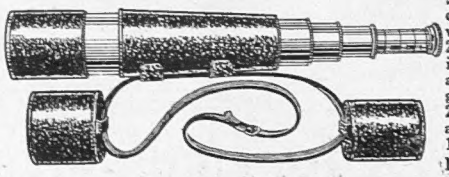

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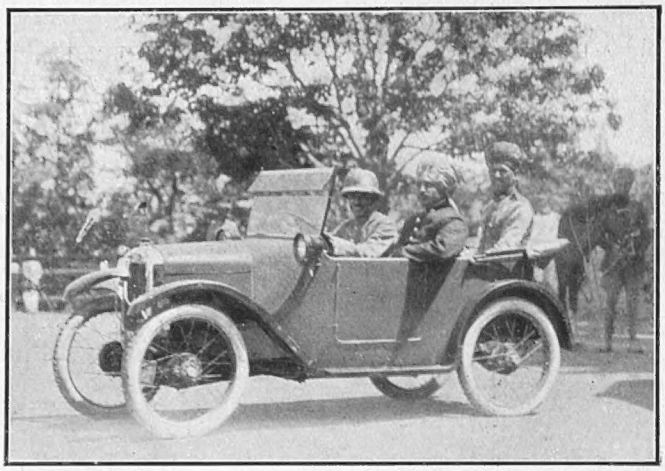
MOTOR NOTES



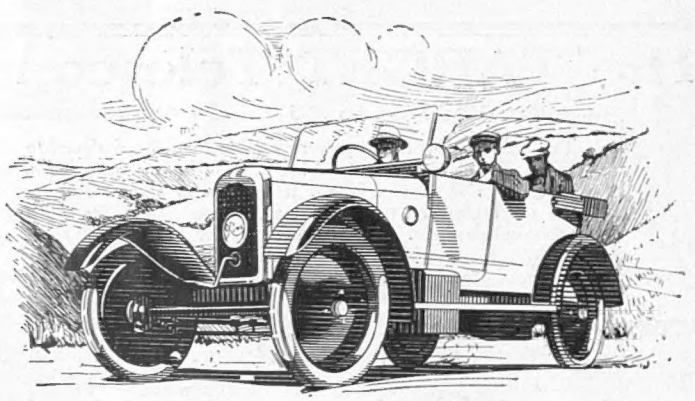
A SIMLA SCENE
His Highness the Maharajah of Bharatpur at the wheel of his Austin "Seven" in Simla, where cars are allowed only under special circumstances

Much pride has justly been taken by the Fiat engineers, who were the first to make use of the super-charging device the better to fill cylinders with explosive mixture, in that so many other competitors have copied their example for the cars raced in the recent European Grand Prix. In fact, mechanical variety was by no means lacking among the twenty-two competitors in this 500 miles race at Lyons on August 3. Of course, the four Fiat cars with their eight-cylinder engines, had these to increase the power from the tiny 60 mm. by 87 mm. combustion chambers. So, also, had the three Sunbeams and the Miller, for though the Delage cars were designed to use these, they ran without the device, consequently between the lot of them motorists had some guide of their strength and such faults as their particular designers have noted for future reference if not for publication. Anyway, the U.S.A. Dusenberg designer believes every American car will fit super-chargers in the near future. However correct he may be in his surmise, I should just like to say that designs do not alter as frequently nowadays as formerly, for the good reason that factories cannot stand such a disturbance to affect their output and profits—if they make any. So you folk who own cars need not worry that they will be out of date because of our American expert's opinion, for such things cost money, and people want low-priced cars nowadays.

* * *

With regard to the European Grand Prix, nine of the cars had eight-cylinder engines. These were the four Fiats, the four Alfa-Romeos—the Italian competitors—the American Miller entered by Count Zborowski, and the four Bugattis. Our British Sunbeams, who won last year, stuck to their six-cylinder engine, while the French Delage had twelve-cylinder V-type motors. The two French-built Schmid cars had also six cylinders, with a special type of cuff valve. As the Bugatti, Delage and Schmid cars had no super-chargers fitted to their engines, while all the others had, a comparative test of this device was possible, and its practicability for future incorporation on special touring vehicles may be considered as one of the valuable contributions to the progress of design this race produced. Anybody who has the slightest knowledge of the winding, hilly course, with its two-speed lengths, will know that the drivers played as great a part in the race as the machines they handled. With the veteran Felice Nazzaro, Pietro Bordino, Chas. Salamano and Giuseppe Pastore for the Fiats, K. Lee Guinness, Seagrave and Restu at the wheel for the Sunbeams, Thomas, Benoist and Divo for Delage, Zborowski on the Miller, Wagner and Masetti among the Alfa-Romeo drivers, with Chassagne and Vizcaya on Bugatti, and Goux and Foresti piloting the Schmid cars, a galaxy of talent performed some wonderful feats of driving, and some very thrilling performances. How the nerves of the mechanics who sat by their side stood the strain is equally marvellous, for the speed was terrific.

Old Hy.



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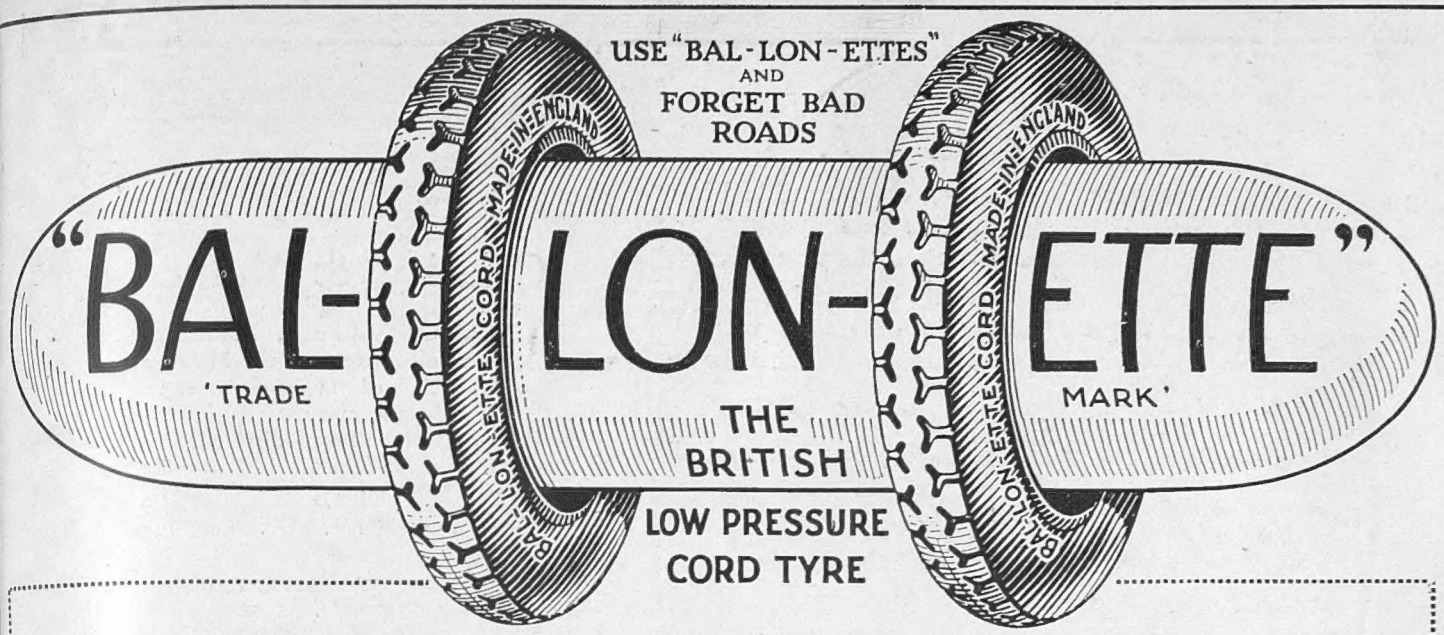
supplied to dealers and garages in bulk, for resale through kerbside petrol plants, with the stipulation that "Shell" is to be stored and retailed separately—

NOT MIXED

with any other brand or grade.

These conditions are made in the interests of the motoring public equally with our own. We know that in "Shell" we possess infinitely the best motor spirit procurable, and we cannot risk its use for raising the quality of inferior brands or grades of petrol.

SHELL-MEX LTD., SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2



Copy of Letter sent to British Car Manufacturers of interest to the British Public.

British or Foreign?

Dear Sirs,—We have received letters from Motor Car Agents asking us to make them an allowance of £1 on every new car they order if they specify "Bal-lon-ette" tyres. It appears that a certain foreign firm who sell a low-pressure tyre in this country have been to the Agents, and as a means of getting these foreign tyres fitted to British cars they are giving £1 to the Agents who specify their tyres when ordering a new car. In consequence we have received letters from Motor Car Agents stating that if we will not give them £1 they will advise the foreign tyres to be fitted. They are not interested in which is the best tyre or giving proper advice to the person who buys a car from them: they are interested in £1, that is all. For this £1 these British Agents will advise customers to buy foreign tyres.

We want the public to know that when an agent advises a foreign tyre to be put on a new car he as an interest outside his customer and outside British Workmen.

Yours faithfully, ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS LTD.
THOMAS WARWICK, *Managing Director.*

5 Sets of "BAL-LON-ETTES" secure 6 Gold and 4 Silver Medals

5 A.B.C. Cars, equipped with "Bal-lon-ette" Tyres, secured 2 Gold and 3 Silver Medals in the London to Land's End Trial. The identical Cars and Tyres, in the London-Edinburgh Trial, obtained 4 Gold and 1 Silver Medal.

After this performance you have no excuse for using foreign tyres.

"TORGHATTEN,"
PONTAREULAIN, N. WALES.

Gentlemen,—The tyres are a revelation in comfortable motoring; my B.S.A., with 6-cylinder Daimler Engine, was a luxurious little creature before, but with the large tyres the comfort is marvellously improved; no interference with steering is noticed, and the hill climbing is better.

Yours truly,
T. COLLIN DAVIES.

FREE OFFER!

In order to convince you of the superiority of "Bal-lon-ette" low-pressure tyres over ordinary tyres we will sell you a set complete with wheels to fit your car. If you are not satisfied return them to us within 14 days and we will *refund all your money*, charging you only for the carriage incurred (if any). This is, of course, providing they are given fair wear and tear and have not been damaged by an accident.

THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" JACK FOR LOW-PRESSURE TYRES.

Specially constructed for use with low-pressure tyres, the feature of which is that it lifts from 4 inches from the ground to 14½ inches without adjustment. This jack provides the extra 1 ft required with low-pressure tyres.

Price (with collapsible handle)
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Wheels and tyres can be fitted from stock whilst you wait at any of the following addresses:

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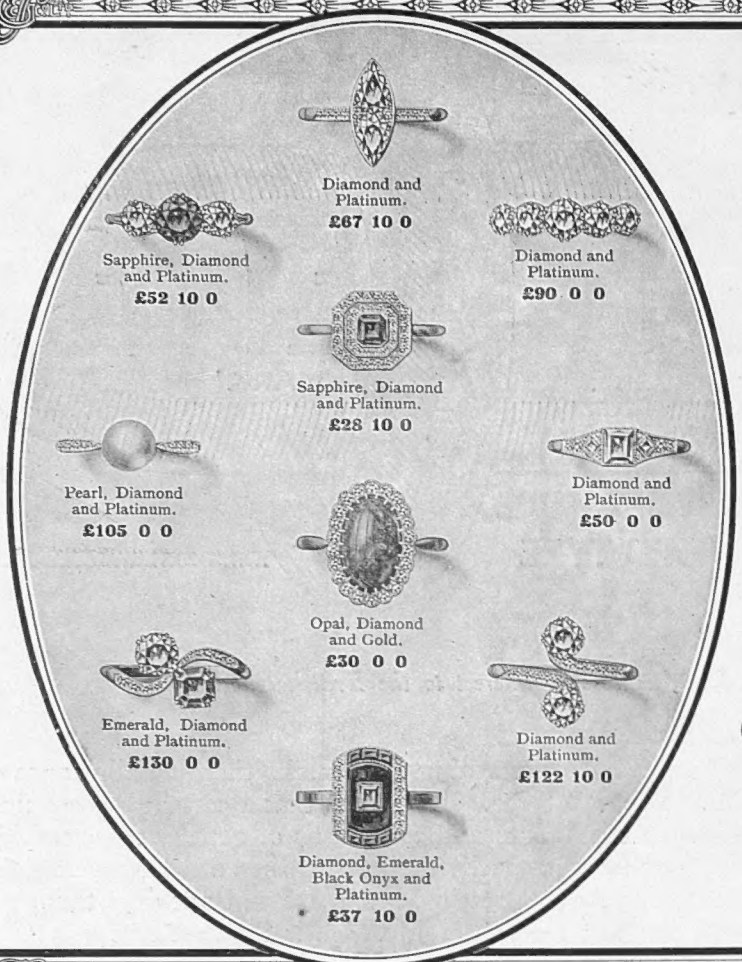
ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN. LONDON: 172, Great Portland St., W.1. BRISTOL: 100, Victoria St. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 38, Grey St.



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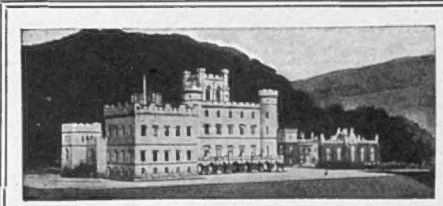

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